

A
COLLECTION
OF
Constitutional Songs.

==
VOLUME II.
==

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,
AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
OF THE
Battle of the Boyne.

JULY, 1690.

2
Cork:

PRINTED BY A. EDWARDS, BOOKSELLER.

==
1800.



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NEW
CONSTITUTIONAL SONGS.

SONG 1.

BRAVE ORANGEMEN.

Tune—" *God Save the King.*"

WE are brave Orangemen.
Who make Crops now and then
Our cause to dread ;
For 'tis to make them fear,
That they durst not appear,
But run away here and there,
And hide their head.

They think that they'll prevail,
But in that they will fail,
Their cause is bad ;
We'll prove their overthrow,
That they will surely know,
They are our bitter foe,
We'll make them sad.

With spleen they almost burst,
Their cause is sure accurst,
For it is blood ;

Our blood they surely seek,
Also our king so meek,
His life they'd gladly take,
'Cause he is good.

The French they'd make us slaves,
But the sea'll prove their graves,
Ere they come ;
Our fleets will them fight,
And assert Britain's right,
Sink them in endless night,
Or them overcome.

Let us join heart and hand,
Against rebels make a stand,
And put them down ;
In numbers more abound,
In hearts and mind quite found,
We still are to be found,
To guard the Crown.

God save great *George* our King,
Long may we live to sing,
Croppies lie down ;
We dare them us to fight,
Let them therefore unite,
We'll soon put them to flight,
And raise our renown.

SONG II.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

By J. B. Esq. of Lodge No. 471.

SONS of Hibernia, attend to my song,
Of a tree call'd th' Orange, 'tis beauteous and strong,
'Twas planted by William! immortal is he!
May all Orange brothers live loyal and free.
Derry down, down, traitors bow down.

Around this fair trunk we like ivy will cling,
And fight for our honour, our country, and king;
I' the shade of this Orange none e'er shall recline,
Who with murd'rous Frenchmen have dar'd to combine.
Derry down, down, Frenchmen, &c.

Hords of barbarians, Lord NED in the van,
This tree to destroy laid an infamous plan;
Their schemes prov'd abortive, tho' written in blood,
Nor their pikes, nor their fithes could pierce Orange
wood. *Derry down, down, rebels bow down.*

While our brave Irish tars protect us by sea,
From false perjur'd traitors this island we'll free;
Priest *Dumphy's* war-vestment they'll find of no use,
Wherever we meet them they're sure to get goose.
Derry down, down, priestcraft bow down.

Hundreds they've burn'd of each sex, young and old,
From heaven the order—by priests they were told;
No longer we'll trust them, no more to betray,
But chace from our bosoms those vipers away.
Derry down, down, serpents bow down.

Rouse then, my brothers, and heed not their swearing
Absolv'd they have been for deeds past all bearing;
B 2 Mercy's

Mercy's misplac'd when to murderers granted,
For our lands and our lives those wretches long
panted.

Derry down, down, reptiles bow down.

Then charge high your glasses, and drink our Great
Cause,

Our blest Constitution, our King, and our Laws ;
May all lurking traitors, wherever they be,
Make the exit of *Sheares'*—and Erin be free.

Derry down, down, traitors bow down.

SONG III.

ORANGE TRIUMPHANT ;

OR,

LORD NEDDY IN THE SUDS.

BY THE SAME.

Tune—" *Dunce, I did but sham,*"—in Midas.

COME Orangemen all
Attend to my call,
While murderous deeds I relate ;
All our concession,
Made no impression,
Vile Papists seem led on by fate,

By fate, vile Papists seem led on by fate.

The nineteenth of May,
Lord *Edward*, they say,
Had finally settled his plan ;
To poniard all those,
Who dare to oppose—
His aid-de-camp, bloody *M'Cann*,

M'Cann, &c.

His orders he gave,
 A soul not to save,
 And then the mail-coaches to burn ;
 That *Harvey* and *Hay*,
 False *Esmond* and *Fay*,
 Their dirks on their neighbours might turn,
Might turn, &c.

The signal thus giv'n,
 Defend us, good Heav'n !
 What murder and rapine ensu'd ;
 Sex, age, or condition,
 Could meet no compassion,
 Such vengeance those monsters pursu'd,
Pursu'd, &c.

The loyal and good,
 To churches they crowd,
 The spear-men their rites now begin ;
 Their favourite creed,
 Of pike, burn and bleed,
 Priestcraft declared was no sin,
No sin, &c.

Next seventy-five,
 Were burned alive,
 By those whom their bounty had fed ;
 Their pitiful cries,
 Ascend to the skies,
 Those vipers by clergy were led,
Were led, &c.

From the coach by th' hair,
 Young *Giffard* they tear,
 Because that he fought for his king !
 Tho' headless they strike,
 His blood then they lick,
 As round him the war-whoop they ring,
They ring, &c.

Altho' at Kildare,
 Four thousand did swear

Allegiance they'd bear to the Crown ;
 Yet on the next day,
 In battle array,
 Those ruffians by *Duff* were cut down,
Cut down, &c.

But mark now the fun,
 How thousands do run,
 At sight of our brave Orange Yoes ;
 Not *Murphy* or hell,
 Book, candle, or bell,
 Could make them such striplings oppose,
Oppose, &c.

SONG IV.

THE ORANGE LILLY.

BY THE SAME.

My dear Orange brothers, have you heard of the
 news,
 How the treacherous Frenchmen, our gulls to amuse,
 The troops that last April they promis'd to send,
 At length at Killala they ventur'd to land.

*Good Croppies, but don't be too bold now,
 Lest you should be all stow'd in the hold now,
 Then to Bot'ny you'd trudge, I am told now,
 And a sweet Orange Lilly for me.*

But now that they are landed they find their mistake,
 For in place of the Croppies they met the brave
Lake ;
 He soon will convince them that our Orange and
 Blue
 Can ne'er be subdued by their plundering crew.
Good Croppies then don't, &c.

That

That false traitor *Emmet*—more ungrateful than hell,
 With *McNevin* and *Arthur*, tho' fast in their cell;
 What they formerly swore they have dar'd to deny,
 And the Secret Committee have charg'd with a lie!

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

But as by this falsehood it is clear they intend,
 To induce our poor peasants the French to befriend;
 We shall soon, I hope, see them high dangling in air,
 'T would be murd'ring the loyal such miscreants to spare.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

On the trees at the camp *Crop Lawless* intended
 To hang up all those who their country defended;
 As the scene is revers'd, a good joke it will be,
 In the place of dear *Camden* to PUT UP those three.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

Judgment being entered on that bloody *Bond*,
 Execution should follow—the people contend;
 Why stay it (say they) when engagements they've
 broken?

The Direct'ry deny ev'ry word they had spoken.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

Then gird on your sabres, my brave *Orangemen* all,
 For the *Croppies* are down, and the *Frenchmen* shall
 fall;

Let each Lodge fall forth from one to nine hundred,
 Those freebooters ere long with the dead shall be
 number'd.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

SONG V.

BEHOLD, my brothers, fate's decree,
The Orange shall triumphant be ;
Kind Providence doth interpose,
And aids to crush our rebel foes.

*Then let each loyal heart unite,
And every worthy soul invite ;
While Beresford shall be our theme,
Who keeps alive the glorious flame.*

For no deception here you see,
Faithful and true we'll ever be ;
Dire massacre is not our care,
The dastard foe we often spare.

Then let each, &c.

Let it be told our baneful foes,
The Orange only mercy knows :
Dark vile assassins stab by night ;
When rous'd, in open day we fight.

Then let each, &c.

We murder not the cherub child,
Nor yet the gentle female mind ;
For we are men, and so shall know
The traitor and the rebel foe.

Then let each, &c.

SONG VI.

THE REBEL'S SONG.

By A. D.

Tune—" *Grifkin and Medder.*"

To you that are friends of this brave Irish nation,
 And from ministers ne'er would accept a station ;
 My story I'll tell—if you have no objection,
 I'm a friend to the *cause*—for see, here's my *protection*.
Fal, lal, &c.

A year past, each day I was twelve hours at labour,
 I work'd hard, and liv'd well, but ne'er injur'd my
 neighbour ;
 A Rebel I'm now, free from slavish subjection,
 But they can't take me up—for I've got my *protection*.
Fal, lal, &c.

Our bus'ness at first it went on fair and easy,
 For *Camden*, we thought, was both stupid and lazy ;
Bond's meeting he took up, that caus'd our dejection,
 tions,
 For if they escap'd, they could now get *protections*.
Fal, lal, &c.

But *Harvey* and *Grogan* our losses soon made up,
 Until, my poor fellows, themselves were both laid
 up ;
 Priest *Murphy*, who bore us such mighty affection,
 A heretic shot—when without a *protection* !
Fal, lal, &c.

But they were all fools—now we that are wiser,
 Take especial good care not so rashly to die, fir ;
 An oath or a pike is now at our election,
 So we chuse the oath—just to get the *protection*.
Fal, lal, &c.

But the oath we don't mind—for from all its pollution

We are sure to be freed by the priest's absolution ;
And of ready-made pikes we have such a collection,
That a new one we buy, once we've got the *protection*.
Fal, lal, &c.

So now we are patiently waiting in clover,
And snugly we lie—till the French can get over ;
Now we plunder and rob, without fear of detection,
For we get for a shilling both pike and *protection*.
Fal, lal, &c.

SONG VII.

THE YEOMANRY.

With swords on their thighs, the bold Yeomen are
seen,

For their country they arm, their religion and king,
How glorious their ardour, to lay down their lives,
In defence of their freedom, their children and wives.

Ye rebels, ye know not, what our good king yields,
He guards all our shores, and protects all our fields ;
As *Hebe* he's fair, and as *Hercules* strong,
He's the king of our mirth, and the joy of our song.

To *George* our good king, raise the high cheerful
strain,

Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main ;
For with *George* our good king, and his brave loyal
bands,

We'll drive each invader far out of those lands.

SONG VIII.

By F. KIRKPATRICK.

Tune—" *The Boyne Water.*"

YE sons of the wise let your spirits arise,
 And scorn the smiles of temptation ;
 Be audaciously true to the Orange and Blue,
 They will bring you thro' all tribulation :
 Remember the guide that divided the tide,
 For Israel's happy protection ;
 And over their foes made the billows to close,
 Because they had no true direction.

In this present year, pale death did appear,
 To all who would not be united ;
 But down came the plan they had built on the sand,
 And we live to see them fore affrighted :
 More cruel by far than the forty-one war,
 Was the scheme of this revolution ;
 But we soon made our foes, by virtue of blows,
 Submit to our good Constitution.

Our brave British laws, they merit applause,
 Since blood purchas'd the reformation ;
 Our church did not shine, 'till that fortunate time,
 That *William* was King in our nation :
 That happy reprieve, did thousands relieve,
 Who stood for the Protestant glory ;
 The Orange display'd, soon made *Jamas* afraid,
 And routed each Jacobite tory.

Dear brethren, you know, 'tis a long time ago,
 Since the Orange was first propagated ;
 And those who stood true, be they ever so few,
 You'll find they were never defeated :
 So now let us fight for the cause that is right,
 What rebel will dare to oppose us ?

We

We shew in the name of the Protestant fame,
And we care not a farthing who knows it.

Our secrets of old, we will not unfold,
To people not duly instructed ;
Our good Orange cause, mix'd with holy laws,
By Prophets of old were conducted :
And seems to succeed in the time of our need,
Our numbers are daily increasing ;
The up is pull'd down, and *George* wears the crown.
And the Croppies, like hares, are a chasing.

That brotherly love may never remove
From the fellowship we have contracted ;
That Wisdom may be at each Committee,
A witness to what is transacted ;
Let each Orangeman take a full glass in hand—
“ Here's a health to the heart that will not waver,
“ Great *George* on his throne our king we will own,
“ And the memory of *William* for ever.”

SONG IX.

THE BEST OF OUR DAYS.

THE best of our days we have seen,
Should a Jacobine sit on the throne;
Such monsters as they have been,
Our fathers and mothers have known :
If that they should get the uphand,
Us Protestants they would smother ;
But we'll keep the Crops under command,
And we'll fight for King *George* for ever.

CHORUS.

*So let us all join in prayer :—
May Providence keep for ever,
King George from his enemies' snares,
And we'll fight for him all together.*

King

King *James* was a Jacobine o'er,
 Whose fury King *William* did quench ;
 A Protestant prince, to be sure,
 Until he join'd with the French :
 To the Protestants he gave command,
 To mass to go together,
 He prov'd false with the seal in his hand,
 And away with that race for ever.
So let us, &c.

In the reign of King *Charles* the First,
 Remember the year forty-one,
 When thousands, now in the dust,
 Were murdered in this land :
 When *Oliver* took the command,
 Kind Providence sent him hither,
 He subdued the whole murdering band,
 And conquer'd that race for ever.
So let us, &c.

Now *Charley's* drove back from the North,
 South Britain he thought to command ;
 Let him be content with a turf,
 Or an oak stick in his hand :
 His conduct did him unman,
 His pedigree makes him to shudder ;
 King *William* gave us command,
 To fight for King *George* for ever.
So let us, &c.

God bless our Protestant prince,
 Long may he live and reign,
 It is King *George* I mean,
 And all his royal train :
 For many brave days we have seen,
 In peace since he came hither :
 No coward shall ever reign King,
 For we'll fight for King *George* for ever.
So let us, &c.

SONG X.

Tune—" *Brave Boys.*"

In story we're told,
How our monarchs of old,
O'er France spread their royal domains ;
But no annals can shew,
Their pride laid so low,
As when brave *George the Second* did reign,
Brave boys, &c,

Of Roman or Greek,
Let Fame no more speak,
How their arms the old world did subdue ;
Thro' the nations around,
Let your trumpets now sound,
How Britons have conquer'd the *new*,
Brave boys, &c.

East, West, North, and South,
Our cannons' loud mouth,
Did the right of our monarch maintain ;
On America's strand,
Amberst limits the land,
Boscowan gives laws on the main,
Brave boys, &c,

Each port and each town,
We make still our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar' ;
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall,
Did prove we'd no equal in war,
Brave boys, &c.

Tho'

Tho' *Conflans* did baste,
 He conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;
 Brave *Hawke* wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave them an English salute.
Brave boys, &c.

Whilst our heroes from home
 For laurels now roam,
 Should the flat-bottom'd boats but appear ;
 Our Yeomen shall shew
 No wooden-shoe foe,
 Shall with Freeman in battle compare,
Brave boys, &c.

Our fortunes, our lives,
 Our children and wives,
 To defend, at this time, now or never :
 Then each Volunteer
 To the drum-head repair,
 " King George and Old England for ever !" *Brave boys, &c.*

SONG XI.

JEMMY LIE DOWN.

Tune—" *Croppies lie Down.*"

DON'T tell me of generals fam'd in times of old,
 For there's none that can equal great *William* the
 bold ;
 He beat out the Frenchmen to strengthen our laws,
 And fought for the glorious old Protestant cause :
 He cry'd, " My my brave soldiers, success will us
 crown,
 " For we've made all the Croppies and *Jemmy* lie
 down."

Down, down, Jemmy lie down.

Should Croppies attempt for to murder his sons,
 We'll shew them that Orange boys can handle guns;
 We'll treat them as he treated *James* at the Boyne,
 Nor ne'er will be subject to candlestick coin;
 And should they attempt on the Orange to frown,
 We'll cut them down first, then sing "Croppies
 you're down." *Down, down, &c.*

Oh! Erin, my jewel, thy sons sure are mad,
 They've certainly lost whate'er reason they had;
 They surely don't know when to think themselves
 well,
 Or they'd wish their seducers with *Nickey* in hell:
 But soon we'll have plenty, mild peace and renown,
 By making those traitors and Croppies lie down.
 Down, down, &c.

Come, lads, fill your glasses, and toast this around,
 "May the arms of King *George* be with victory
 crown'd,
 "Both by sea and land, wheresoever they go,
 "And the Protestant Yeomen of Ireland also;
 "Bliss great and eternal their happiness crown,
 "For making the traitors and Croppies lie down."
 Down, down, &c.

SONG XII.

THE REVOLUTION.

Tune—"King William over the Water."

MARCH on, brave boys, make good your ground,
 Let all your sprightly trumpets sound
 To arms, and we will confound
 Those foes to the revolution.

Great

Great Mars, the monarch of the field,
In shining pomp, with sword and shield,
Shall lead us on, and make them yield
To the glorious revolution.

Our rattling guns, like peals of thunder,
Shall fill the foe with fear and wonder,
And keep the Pope and Devil under,
And support the Constitution.
May Britain's sons the battle try,
To make these tim'rous bugbears fly,
Then let each loyal subject cry,
" Success to the Constitution."

SONG XIII.

IN THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD.

BY CHARLES CAIN, GRENADIER IN HIS MAJESTY'S 7TH,
OR ANTRIM MILITIA.

Tune—" *Croppies lie Down.*"

In the county of Wexford these rebels did rise,
Our brave Orangemen they swore they'd sacrifice ;
They thought that our army they'd suddenly beat,
But we boldly attack'd them, and made them retreat.
Derry down, down, Croppy lie down.

On Vinegar-hill these rebels-encamp'd,
They thought that their numbers our army would
damp ;
But we boldly attack'd them, and forc'd them to
yield,
And two hundred Croppies lay dead on the field.
Derry down, &c.

The bold General *Dundas* is a man of great might,
He attacked the Croppies just by the day-light ;
He threw up his bomb-shells and bullets so fast,
That put the damn'd Croppies to flight at the last.
Derry down, &c.

Colonel *Campbell*, commanding the first light brigade,
He forced the hill when the attack it was made,
And planted his cannon in such a fine spot,
That made the wild Croppies to curse his grape shot.
Derry down, &c.

These rebels the country they thought to seduce ;
They sent bold *M^cManus* with a flag of truce ;
They thought that the army good terms wou'd give,
But their answer was, " Croppies, we won't let you
live !"
Derry down, &c.

Then *Esmond, Kay*, with *Harvey* and *Hay*,
Unto General *Moore* was given up next day ;
They were tried by court-martial, and sentenced to
die,
So that was an end to the blood-thirsty crew.
Derry down, &c.

SONG XIV.

PURPLE AND BLUE.

An original Song, composed by two Privates in the Yeomanry Corps.

Tune—" *Vicar and Moses.*"

YE *free* Orangemen, I have taken my pen,
Your exalted science to praise ;
Your motto is true, and the Purple and Blue
Love and peace in each bosom must raise.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

In the scriptures record, our mysteries and word,
 Beam forth with a lustre divine ;
 And each *free* Orangeman, that regards the right
 plan,
 With a gracious refulgence doth shine.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

Thro' the annals of fame, all ages proclaim,
 That the laurel to vict'ry is due ;
 'Tis ours, for on earth, what can boast of such
 birth,
 As the bright Orange, Purple, and Blue ?
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

From bondage we came, we passed Jordan's stream,
 Conducted by an heavenly hand ;
 And our word and our sign, so mysterious divine,
 They brought us to Canaan's blest land.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

Our heavenly guide, did the waters divide,
 Our priests with the ark marched before ;
 And the waters did close, to frustrate our foes,
 When we all landed safe on the shore.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

From Moab we came, thro' Jericho's plain,
 Escorted by two and a half ;
 Whom the same Godly hand, that conducted our
 band
 From danger, preserved all safe.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

Now we're fixed in our tents, no member repents
 Communion with our social tribe ;
 And each true Israelite, we friendly invite,
 And our mysteries with him we'll divide.
Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

But the uncircumcised, by us are despised,
Let them grovel at home in the dark ;
Lest, like the priests of Baal, they victims may fall,
For presuming to look in the ark.

Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

Strict allegiance we swear to our monarch so dear,
And thus until death is our strain ;
The Protestant cause, its religion and laws,
May each Orangeman's bosom maintain.

Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

And now for to end, here's a health to each friend
Whose heart is still loyal and true ;
May our colours still be, the badge of loyalty,
The bright *Orange, Purple, and Blue.*

Tol, lol, de rol, &c.

SONG XV.

FILL THE SPARKLING GOBLET.

Tune—" *When the fancy stirring Bowl.*"

FILL the sparkling goblet high,
George's cause inspires us ;
Wheel the circling bowl around,
William's mem'ry fires us :

*Live and love, the proverb says—
Life is but a feather ;
Sworn to love while life remains,
We're brethren all together.*

The

The mystic tie that binds our hearts
 No ages shall dissolve;
 The ray divine that lights our souls,
 Shall beam in us for ever.

Live and love, &c.

George and *William's* royal names
 With glory still we crown them;
 But care and strife, like Pharaoh's host,
 In a true red sea we drown them.

Live and love, &c.

SONG XVI.

LISNAGEAD.

(A very old Song.)

Ye Protestants of Ulster, I pray you join with me,
 Your voices raise, in lusty praise, and shew your loyalty;
 Extol the day, we marched away, with Grange flags,
 so fine,
 In order to commemorate the conquest of the Boyne.

The first who fought upon that day, the Prince of
 Orange was,
 He headed our forefathers in his most glorious cause,
 Protestant rights for to maintain, and Pop'ry to
 degrade,
 And in the memory of the same, we fought at Lis-
 nagead.

'Twas early in the morning before the rise of sun,
 An information we received, our foes, each with his
 gun In

In ambush lay near the highway, intrenched in a fort,
For to disgrace our Orange flag, but it shan'd they
broke their oath.

We had not marched a mile or so, when the white
flag we espy'd,
With a bunch of *podereens*, on which they much re-
ly'd,
And this inscription underneath—"Hail, Mary!
"unto thee—
"Deliver us from those Orange dogs, and then we
"will be free."

At half an hour past two o'clock, a firing did com-
mence,
With clouds of smoak and showers of ball, the
heavens were condens'd;
They call'd unto their wooden gods, to whom they
used to pray,
But my Lady *Mary* fell asleep, and so they ran
away.

SONG XVII.

LET MIRTH PIPE ALL SHIPMATES.

LET mirth pipe all shipmates to join in my stave,
'Tis old Ireland and England I boast;
Whose islands are fertile, whose children are brave,
And whose wooden walls watch o'er her coast:
May envy or discord ne'er shiver her sail,
But fortitude steer each endeavour;
On sea and on shore let us unity hail,
And loyalty flourish for ever, for ever,

*And loyalty flourish for ever,
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!*

To

To heave off a ditty, a tar, boys may try,
 Tho' not in your musical tunes;
 Our chorus, three cheers, makes an enemy fly,
 When set to the sound of our guns:
 Our sweet seranading, a jolly broadside,
 To drub Albion's foes, our endeavour;
 Death, when fighting for Country and King, we
 deride,—
 May loyalty flourish for ever.

And loyalty flourish for ever, &c.

We harmony prize, love and friendship's a charm;
 And tho' o'er old ocean we roam,
 We keep them in action, tho' ever so warm,
 Then sounds keep in tune, boys at home:
 'Bout ship, wheel the grog, to ourselves let's be true,
 Old Neptune will bless each endeavour;
 And the Royal George loudly be cheer'd by her crew,
 And loyalty flourish for ever, for ever.

And loyalty flourish, &c.

SONG XVIII.

CROPPIES MISTAKEN.

BY H. H.

Tune—"One Bottle More."

THE rebels of Ireland long since had decreed,
 To lop off the branches of brave William's seed;
 But their plots we discover'd, so their schemes we defy
 And the shouts of the Orangemen shall rend the sky.

Shall rend the sky,

Shall rend the sky,

And the shouts of the Orangemen shall rend the sky.

That

That glorious old cause for which great Nassau fought
Those Croppies concerted to bring down to nought;
But the shade of the hero awakes each true son,
Saying—"Was it for this that the Boyne I have
won?"

That the Boyne I have won, &c.

"Why, then, my brave foldiers, my stout Orange
boys,

"Are ye men made of traitors the dupes and the
toys?

"But vengeance! have vengeance! while in Hea-
ven I soar—

"And cut them so low, that they ne'er shall rise
more!

That they ne'er shall rise more, &c.

"The tree that I planted to root up they thought,

"Which tree at the Boyne, with my own blood I
bought;

"Then rise, my true sons, make them welter in
gore,

"And hang up their leaders, that they ne'er shall
rise more.

That they ne'er shall rise more, &c.

"My sons they have piked, my daughters have slain,

"And with blood they have coloured the course of
the Slane;

"Still Superstition reject, and no image adore,

"For these sons of the Devil shall ne'er rise more!"

Shall ne'er rise more, &c.

So saying, he vanished;—to Beresford true,

He gave the great sign of the Orange and Blue:

Come, then, fill your glasses, with Orangemen roar,

Since those Croppies are down, they ne'er shall rise
more.

Ne'er shall rise more, &c.

SONG

SONG XIX.

HARANGUERS MAY BAWL.

HARANGUERS may bawl, and preach up this and
that,

Infanative politics seize :
Diffatisfied mortals to me, *verba sat*,
I've a right to be blest if I please :

CHORUS.

*For while happy I live, and fair freedom can boast,
My tenets need no vast solution ;
As the friendly glass circles give ear to my toast,
'Tis—" George and our blest Constitution."*

That this we inherit, truth cannot deny,
Tho' licentious folly complain ;
And bugbear Sedition our comforts decry,
The attacks of the wicked are vain.

For while happy, &c.

Since time first began, restless spirits have rovd,
Like Cain would their brothers destroy ;
But loyalty's ever by Britons belov'd,
Who will ne'er let such spirits annoy.

For while happy, &c.

In vain to new climes ye for freedom repair,
In vain for fair Liberty roam ;
Magna Charta proclaims she's a resident here,
Great Britain's true Liberty's throne.

For while happy, &c.

SONG XX.

AMBITION DEFEATED ;

OR,

THE HUMOURS OF NEWGATE.

BY J. B. ESQ.

Tune—" *Lango Lee.*"

WHEN grand Croppies first, their treasons were
hatching,

Our prosperous island was loyal and free ;
Commerce encreasing, our people enriching,
And all was as happy as happy could be :

Erin free, manufactures then throve in it,
Cash was so plenty, that few knew the want of it,
From the peer to the peasant each man was content
in it,

But then from French freedom was Erin free.

The dæmon of discord—that parent of strife,
Now order'd Lord *Edward* from Paris to flee ;
Equality's daughter he gave him for wife,
And then sent him here to make *Erin* free :

Erin free, cry'd this mighty baboon, sir, (sir,
As disguis'd thro' Kildare he preach'd to each loon,
Crop close your skulls, and great men you'll be soon,
sir,

When from a King you make Erin free.

Next in the chair you see this Tony Lumpkin,
Surrounded by ruffians of every degree ;
Neilson, and *Arthur*, and *Lewins*, that bumpkin,
Who now is at Paris to make *Erin* free :

Erin

Erin free, by this Jack of all trades,
 A priest, and a pedlar, and a maker of tow-cards ;
 A papist attorney, who never will carry beads,
This is the man to make Erin free.

Pike-smiths, and gun-smiths and pike-handle shavers,
 The Union Star Printer (who sat at his knee)
 With lawyers, and scribblers, and Liberty weavers,
 Around him were rang'd to vote *Erin* free.

Erin free ! the Lord have mercy upon us !
 For ever defend us from *Sheares'* and *O'Connors'*,
 And teach their ambition to learn much better man-
 ners,

Our brave Volunteers will keep Erin free !

Almighty did order a man tender hearted,
 Should be seduced—and a member was he ;
 His blood ran quite cold, when the plan was im-
 parted,

The question was, "How his country he'd free?"

Erin free, but how could it be effected,
 The danger was great, if one moment neglected,
 And if by them discover'd, he would be dissected,
All did the risk to keep Erin free.

This plot to defeat, all but rebels do join
 In one common cause, and as soldiers agree ;
 By the blood of our ancestors, spilled at the Boyne,
 We swear that *Erin* from traitors we'll free :

Erin free—Volunteers to your station ;
 What power can curb a great armed nation ?
 To all future ages you'll be a grand caution,
You are the lads will keep Erin free.

Escap'd from two lordlings, and their conventions,
 Who each was as bloody as bloody could be ;
Fitzgerald and *Maguire*, whose murd'rous inventions,
 History can't match, yet *Erin* is free :

*Erin free, and long may she continue so,
To baffle the views of foreign or private foe,
The heads of sedition are now laid very low,
So fill high your glasses to Erin free !*

SONG XXI.

By an Irishman, (on board the *La Hoche*) one of our patriotic Countrymen, who joined our natural and inveterate Enemy, in their late fruitless attempt to invade this Kingdom.

FROM France to Loughswilly I came,
And that, by my soul, was a blunder ;
But I thought that my *high-sounding name**
Would, in Ireland, perform some wonder :
I stared, and my friends all look'd blue,
When *Sir John* and his fleet did perceive us,
For I knew once he got us in view,
The Devil himself could not save us.

Tol lol de rol, lol de rol lol.

British thunder now roared in my ears,
Seem'd to shake the world to its foundation ;
So I down on my knees to my prayers,
And begg'd Heav'n to preserve the *great nation* :
But all I could say 'twas in vain,
Heav'n deign'd not to hear my petition,
For I'd follow'd too much of *Tom Paine*,
That curse to a civiliz'd nation.

Tol lol, &c.

The

* Supposed to be Theobald Wolfe Tone.

The balls rattled round us like hail,
 (Och, Brest, how I wish'd I'd been in it)
 How our courage began for to fail,
 And our colours were struck in a minute :
 Then they mann'd us with tars who could fight,
 There are few such in all the *great* nation ;
 Had the Directory but seen the fight,
 How they'd blush for their *grand* expedition.
Tol, lol, &c.

But who dare attempt to oppose
 Briton's heroes upon their *own* ocean ?
 As to striving to land on their shore,
 In troth they're *beat out of the notion* ;
 And when their Envoy comes begging for peace,
 Unless in a ballooh they can swing him,
 In England he'll ne'er shew his face
 Till they *borrow a vessel* to bring him.
Tol lol, &c.

SONG XXII.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.

Tune—" *Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN Britons first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain :
*Rule Britannia—Britannia rule the waves—
 For Britons never will be slaves.*

Imperial Cæsar soar'd to fame,
 Where'er the Roman eagle flew,
 Our gallant *Nelson* caught his flame,
 He saw—he fought—he *conquer'd* too :

*On Nelson's fame immortal praises pour,
And shout his name from shore to shore.*

The valiant deed which claims applause,
From rising to the setting sun,
From ev'ry heart this tribute draws—
Here *Hawke's* surpass'd, and *Blake's* outdone :
In Nelson's praise the gods of ocean roar,
And chaunt his name from shore to shore.

Of Egypt's land we all have read,
Where Israel's sons were forc'd to bow ;
But this, with truth and triumph, may be said,
The Nile was never known till now :
Sing then, Nelson, his praise in bumpers pour,
And shout his name from shore to shore.

A soul inflam'd, with ardour fir'd,
On glorious death or conquest bent,
Old England's martial sons inspir'd,
And victory led where Nelson went :
Great Nelson's fame shall grace historic lore,
Till nature fails, and time's no more.

To those who brave each hostile jar,
Who fight for freedom and the throne,
And every bold and gallant British tar,
Be all our grateful fervours shewn :
The valiant tars we all adore,
Who fought or fell on Egypt's shore.

Should France e'er land her desperate host,
By chance evade each wooden wall,
And hurl her thunders at our coast,
Let Nelson's glory rouse us all :
Let trumpets sound and cannons roar
Spread Nelson's fame from shore to shore.

SONG XXIII.

Addressed to Captain HUMPHRY A. WOODWARD, Master of
Lodge 505, by a Member of 540.

HARK ! what sounds salute my ear,
Borne on the wings of wind ;
'Tis of joy, you've nought to fear,
Something whispers to my mind.

CHORUS.

'Tis of joy no alloy,
May our loyal bosoms know ;
Ever dear to my ear,
Those sounds the bane of woe.

'Tis the sons of William met,
To unbend awhile from care ;
May the heroes live to fret,
And drive all traitors to despair.
'Tis of joy, &c.

Hear it not ye fiends retir'd,
Justly hid from human scan ;
Those blest sounds ye ne'er admir'd,
They suit not Mc. Nevin's plan.
'Tis of joy, &c.

Hush, my boys, lest Grattan hear
Your mirth, his philosophic mind
Wou'd tremble, lest his coffers dear,
By your success decrease shall find.
'Tis of joy, &c.

Away

Away, away, ye miscreants dire,
 While loud our triumphs we proclaim ;
 Applauding worlds our views admire,
 And traitor stamps on *Grattan's* name.
'Tis of joy, &c.

Lo ! no dire assassins here,
 No bosom foe to human kind ;
 Mercy, truth, and love appear,
 Beam'd in *Woodward's* artless mind.
'Tis of joy, &c.

Then again let joy abound,
 Loyalty and truth dwell here ;
 Let our *Woodward's* praise resound,
 Ever to his brothers dear.
'Tis of joy, &c.

SONG XXIV.

WHEN THE PADDIES OF ERIN.

By a Member of Lodge 540.

Tune—" *Croppies Lie Down.*"

WHEN the Paddies of Erin took a pike in each hand,
 And wisely concerted reform in the land :
 Ough, and all that's before them they'd drive to be
 sure,
 And for conjur'd up grievances each had a cure.
But down, down, Croppies, &c.

What

What generals and captains my boys did appear,
And each polish'd youth thought the case was quite
clear ;

It was, by my shoul honies, the English shall dance
To the tune of *Ca Ira*—for we shall join France.

Down, down, &c.

But agra, the sad change all the nabobs doth rue,
For thousands appear dress'd in Orange and Blue,
And oh, wirristrue, I'm told that before
Poor Teague shall be easy we'll have thousands more.

Down, down, &c.

And each manly breast that wears Orange and Blue,
Contains but one heart, but faith that one is true ;
No wonder poor Croppies the Orange despise,
For the good and the loyal most dearly we prize.

Down, down, &c.

Troth Paddy a vurneen, you'll never succeed,
For a scourge we shall be to your delicate breed ;
The hopes of proud France, ohone, are laid low,
And the heads of your party a voyage must go.

Down, down, &c.

SONG XXV.

YOU LOYALISTS ASSIST.

Tune—" *Protestant Boys.*"

You loyalists assist, and I pray lend an ear,
And in strains that is soft join my feeble noise ;
Let each raise his voice in soft notes of praise,
For it's wrote down in honour of Protestant boys.

That is lately came forth,

In a covenant oath,

To fight for their king as their forefathers done,

To

To Pope nor Pretender,
 We'll never surrender,
 While laurels is due to the Protestant Boys.

When bloody queen *Mary* ascended the throne,
 By the rule of superstition she chang'd the laws :
 Under Popery's banner brave *Wolfey* and *Cranmer*,
 True martyrs died for the Protestant cause :
 From them as our *Pitt*,
 There flowed such an oil,
 As kindled the lamp that continually burns ;
 Pope, hell, nor the devil,
 To quench can't be able,
 While it is fortified round with Protestant guns.

But our great Creator in time thought it proper,
 These monsters to move into some distant place ;
 He had one nominated and *Joshua* appointed,
 To scourge the damn'd tribe of these able race.
 But in the great reign,
 Of *Elizabeth* queen,
 Tho' she did relieve the poor church out of thrawl ;
 When it lay in the tower,
 Under Popery's power,
 Though she had near paid them into Dover ball.

There is gun-powder treason, that damnable plot,
 When they thought to have blown our king up in
 the air ;
 But fortune was kind and favour'd them not,
 For by sanctified means we discover'd the snare :
 And to trace them on further,
 There's nothing but murder,
 By annual tradition from father to son ;
 My brave boys be ready.
 Be firm and steady,
 Stick close to your guard with your Protestant gun.

The

The year ninety-eight will ne'er be forgot,
 When heav'n espoused our cause its well known;
 When these new reformers against us did plot,
 All our laws to destroy and our king to dethrone;
 But roused like lions,
 We bid them defiance,
 Whilst our orange colours display'd to the sun;
 But in all their efforts,
 They never could elope
 From the sanctified fire of our brave Orange guns.

These new reformers all over the North,
 Assembled themselves at a place near Loughall,
 Encamp'd they were in an old Danish fort,
 With provisions and stores of both powder and
 ball;
 With great preparation,
 And fortification,
 Made strong with redoubts all our fleet balls to shun,
 While dinner was dressing,
 They sent for a blessing,
 And got a salute from our brave Orange guns.

But if you had been viewing, while we were pur-
 suing
 These Defenders from the White-cross in Augh-
 nacloy;
 Both stockings and brogues they strew on the road,
 And thought their wings slow, had they any, to
 fly;
 Which made the spectators
 Cry out in a laughter,
 Saying, *bonam on doul*, what makes you all run?
 God zounds! don't you wonder,
 You don't hear the thunder,
 That roars from the mouths of yon Orangemens'
 guns.

SONG XXVI.

SUCCESS TO THE ORANGE.

By R. N. of Lodge 595.

Tune—"The Army and Navy of Britain."

LET the name of great *William* be ever held dear,
 By each loyal subject throughout this whole land,
 For from Heav'n he looks down on his children met
 here,

And smiles with delight on this Protestant land :
 Who with hearts firm and bold,
 Like our fathers of old,
 Rally round his bright standard, in spite of our foes ;
 And who will, until death
 Puts a stop to our breath,

Sing—"Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

Although certain persons, well known in this isle,
 Have vainly endeavoured on us for to frown,
 Yet at their weak efforts we safely may smile,
 For its not in their power to put Orangemen down :
 With aid from on high,
 Their threats we defy,

And our cause it will flourish in spite of their foes :
 And we will, until death
 Puts a stop to our breath,

Sing—"Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

Tho' bigotted wretches, who judge by themselves,
 Have asserted—"that we are for murder enroll'd,"
 'Tis their own fable hearts first gave birth to the
 thought,

As we see by their plots, which each day does un-
 fold :

But truth, like a star,
 Which shines from afar,

To a candid observer convincingly shews,

That

That 'gainst rebels alone,
 Our vengeance is shewn,
 So—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

Now a full flowing glass to Lord *Camden* we'll pass,
 The Yeomens' brave father, their country's firm
 prop ;
 To Enniskillen so bold, to his praise be it told,
 Who'd ne'er hang a Yeoman for shooting a Crop ;
 To the King fill it high,
 Let our song rend the sky.
 And no more may Rebellion disturb his repose :
 Here's our stout wooden walls,
 Whom no danger appals,
 And—" Success to the Orange wherever it goes."

SONG XXVII.

PROTECTIONS FOR EVER.

By R. N. of Lodge 595.

Tune—" *Magic Grapes.*"

You rebels bold attend to me,
 I'll lead you on to glory ;
 You never can mistake the way,
 It's as plain as the nose before you :
 To rob all night, and drink all day,
 You need not dread detection ;
 For when you're tir'd, you've nothing to do,
 But come in and get a *protection*.

CHORUS.

*So now, my heroes, fight away,
 No matter what befalls us ;
 We're always sure of a friend in court,
 Success to Molly Wallis.*

E

There

There was *Holt* so brave, on Wicklow-hill
 He staid, while he had good weather ;
 And there he us'd to rob and kill,
 And did not care a feather ;
 But when the air was getting cold,
 He fear'd he'd get infection,
 So gave himself up to a Lord so bold,
 Came in, and got a *protection*.

So now, &c.

Not him alone, but many more,
 Have got the like indulgence ;
 For Royal mercy ne'er before,
 Has shewn with such effulgence :
 Some say, this was the surest way
 To gain the people's affection,
 But faith, on them a trick we'll play,
 As soon as we get a *protection*.

So now, &c.

Sow now I've plainly shewn to you
 A trade you cannot fail in ;
 Ev'n tho' you're tak'n and sent aboard,
 It's a pleasant thing to be sailing :
 At the *Yeas* we'll laugh, we fear them not,
 For they'd meet with due correction,
 If they dared to lay a hand upon
 A man that has got a *protection*.

So now, &c.

SONG

SONG XXVIII.

THE REBELS' SURPRISE.

Tune—" *Croppies lie Down.*"

On the thirtieth of May, in the year ninety-eight,
 When death and destruction impended the state,
 One thousand fell rebels, our lives to attack,
 Stole into the town,* but were soon beaten back;
 For, our Yeomanry corps shone forth in the van,
 And the Antrim detachment fought stout, to a man.
Derry down, down, traitors lie down.

The gallant Burgancy,† Old Britain's great pride,
 In defence of our lives and properties died;
 For, too hastily marching to meet the curs'd foes,
 Their malice to check, and their pikes to oppose,
 He fell, a sad victim,—a stranger to fear,
 And to each loyal heart will his mem'ry be dear.
Derry down, down, traitors lie down.

Our Yeomanry captain, oppress'd by the throng,
 Hath justly a title to rank in this song;
 As, those hell-born vipers athirst for his life,
 Plung'd into his bosom the murderous knife;
 But, merciful Providence, kind to the corps,
 Rais'd up, to their wishes, the well belov'd Gore.
Derry down, &c.

Those blood-thirsty traitors had scarce been laid down
 When our able *protector* appear'd in the town,
 Accounted on horseback, devoid of all dread,
 And took a full view of the infamous dead:

E 2

The

* Mount-Kennedy.

† Captain of a detachment of Ancient British Fencibles.

The ordnance and *Rheas*, he that morning procur'd,
And happiness, now, to us hath insur'd.

Derry down, &c.

Shall the deeds of *Rossmore*, then, e'er be forgot,
By those in this country, or those who are not?
His laudable zeal in the Protestant cause,
Procuring us comforts, supporting our laws:
And such rare hospitality shines at his board,
'Would grace e'en a prince or our Sovereign lord.

Derry down, &c.

Come, fill up your glasses, and push the flask round,
Let the high-vaulted roof with his praises resound;
Protector and Counsellor e'er will he be,
To those who quash Croppies, and liberty's tree:
May his lordship and consort reap blessings in store,
And the dales of our country still echo *Rossmore*!

Derry down, down, traitors lie down.

SONG XXIX.

COME AID ME, MY MUSE.

BY A LADY.

Addressed to Major GALLIGLE, of the Fermanagh Militia,
and Master of Lodge 415.

Tune—"Croppies lie Down."

Come aid me, my muse, for fain I would sing
Of the boys who're descended from *William* our king;
For much I hear of them, they say they are true,
The sign for to know them is *orange and blue*.

And its down, down, Croppies lie down.

But

But, oh! my dear honies, by another good sign,
I think you shall know these dear fav'rites of mine;
For with heart and with hand they'll protect me and
you,

That's if you're good, says the *orange and blue*.
Down, down, &c.

Their precepts are peace, and their maxims are good,
But rouse them, by Jove, and they'll ne'er be with-
stood;

For patient and meek a long while they will bear,
Fly, fly, my poor Crops, when for war they prepare.
Down, down, &c.

Then off with your brogues, and away with your
pike,

For, oh! *Paddy* honey, you ne'er saw the like;
When speaking of Croppies, they think it a joke,
And would pop thousands off, like a bottle of smoke.
Down, down, &c.

But sorry would be the dear boys from their heart,
And would rather poor Croppies in peace should
depart;

When they hear of thy downfall, believe me, alas!
They refrain for a moment, to take a full glass.
Down, down, &c.

SONG XXX.

GRA-MA-CHREE.

GRA-MA-CHREE, our lord of the Nile,
Who chac'd the French fleet a million of miles,
Then captur'd and sunk them, and blew into air,
Which made *Buonaparte* to shudder and stare.
Tol lol, &c.

Gra-ma-chree, our admirals brave,
 Who did our own dear Ireland save;
 Who hob-nobb'd the Spaniard, the Dutch, and the
 French,
 Then gave them the ocean their thirst for to quench.
Tol lol, &c.

Gra-ma-chree, brave General *Lake*,
 Who at Ballynamuck made the French for to quake,
 Who with orange and laurels his army did crown,
 While his conqu'ring cannon roar'd "Croppies lie
 down."
Tol lol, &c.

Gra-ma-chree, our president, *Hall*,
 And gra-ma-chree our Orangemen all;
 Who dart into cover—shout—hark! tally-ho!
 Unkennel the Croppies, and capture the foe.
Tol lol, &c.

And gra-ma-chree, our own King *George*;
 His health we'll drink in a bumper that's large;
 'Tis his own dear self that is very civil,
 The Convention and Croppies we pitch to the devil.
Tol lol, &c.

SONG XXXI.

THE REBELS' DOWNFALL.

By Mr. RUMBOLD, of the Second Company of the First Re-
 giment, Royal Dublin Volunteers.

Tune—"Who would not be a Free Mason."

In Ninety-eight be it remember'd,
 When rebels did numerous join
 To beat the King's troops that oppos'd them,
 As William did James at the Boyne:

Oh!

Oh ! by my soul, they were greatly mistaken,
 In taking the tail for the head ;
 For when pikemen and pikes came before them,
 They warm'd them bravely with lead.

CHORUS.

*Oh ! then, had you seen the damn'd rebels,
 Like goats on the mountains they flee ;
 At the sound of a drum or a trumpet,
 Or thoughts of a soldier to see.*

Father *Murphy*, their fav'rite commander,
 Cried, think on your dear crucifix,
 And in a short time we'll be able
 To kill all these damn'd Heretics :
 So kneel down, my boys, before battle,
 And take a mouthful of prayers,
 But while at this pleasant devotion,
 They were shot like a parcel of staves.

Oh ! then, &c.

There was a hundred or more lay a sprawling,
 Some kicking, some wounded, some dead ;
 And those that had life were exclaiming
 At what Father *Murphy* had said ;
 To tell us we were made like wool-sacks,
 And bullets could do us no harm ;
 By *Jebus* ! I swear he's a liar,
 For I've lost both a leg and an arm !

Oh ! then, &c.

Then the priest he cry'd out, What's the matter ?
 Who scarcely escap'd from that shot ;
 Oh ! I pray, hold your damnable clatter,
 Your Father he cares for them not :
 Tho' numbers at present seem wounded,
 And fields are all cover'd with dead,

To-morrow

To-morrow to life I'll restore them,
 Aye, and with good beef and mutton be fed.
Oh! then, &c.

Ah! but before he had time to restore them,
 Brave *Lake* with his troops did appear;
 With bullets he properly plied them,
 That pinn'd them all by the ear:
 So the priest he cried out in a flurry,
 "No longer here we can dwell,
 "For *Lake's* sending pills in a hurry,
 "Which will drive us and all Rebels to hell!"
Oh! then, &c.

SONG XXXII.

BY THE SAME.

Tune—"Cruskeen Lawn."

You Williamites so true, of the orange and the
 blue,
 That dwell in this country all round, round, round,
 O! may they encrease, and multiply in ev'ry
 place,
 And join to keep Rebellion down, down, down,
And join to keep Rebellion down.

On the 23d of May, was to have been the fatal
 day,
 To assassinate all friends of the Crown, Crown,
 Crown,
 But our kingly yeomen brave, our country then
 did save,
 By keeping the Rebellion down, down, down,
By keeping the Rebellion down.

O! well

O! well you may remember, on the 4th of last
November,
The birth-day of William high in renown, nown,
nown,
What a glorious sight was seen, that day in Col-
lege-green,
Of them that kept Rebellion down, down, down,
Of them that kept Rebellion down.

The Crops were so dismay'd, when our Orange
was display'd,
At our victory they were seen to frown, frown,
frown,
They also stopp'd their ears, being much annoy'd
by cheers,
And the bands playing Croppies lie down, down,
down,
And the bands playing Croppies lie down.

So fill high your glafs to him, who made the
Crops to swing,
In villages, in cities, and in town, town, town,
Lord Camden is his name, may he shortly come
again,
To keep the damn'd Rebellion down, down, down,
And to keep the damn'd Rebellion down.

SONG XXXIII.

OUR COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR.

BY R. N. MASTER, 859.

Tune—" *Moggy Lawder.*"

OH! had I old Timotheus' lyre,
So much renown'd in story,
Or burn'd for me Apollo's fire,
I'd sing of William's glory.

From

From shore to shore his praise should ring,
 No loyal heart could waver,
 But throbbing beat, while loud he'd sing,
 Our laws' and country's Saviour.

July the first in *ninety's* year,
 Just as the mountain's summit
 The sun had lightly ting'd with gold,
 His hardy troops he summon'd.

The bold attack he meant to make,
 The morning seem'd to favour,
 'Twas Heav'n's decree, that he should be,
 Our laws' and country's Saviour.

A ball came flying to the spot,
 'Twas aim'd for brave *King William*;
 The fools, they might have spar'd their shot,
 No ball of *theirs* could kill *him*.

For a guardian angel near him stood,
 To shield him with his favour,
 Preserv'd him for the public good,
 Our laws' and country's Saviour.

Then he boldly cross'd Boyne's silver flood,
 While thund'ring cannons rattle,
 The wond'ring world in silence stood,
 Astonish'd at the battle.

Come on, says he, be not dismay'd,
 From heav'n we'll meet with favour,
 And strive to earn the glorious name,
 Our laws' and country's Saviour.

The

The contest fiercely was maintain'd,
 Tho' by unequal number,
 The fields were covered o'er with slain,
 The cannons loud did thunder.

Which side would gain, no one could say,
 The victory seem'd to waver ;
 But William's courage won the day,
 Our laws' and country's Saviour.

Now fill your glassses, fill them high,
 To King and Constitution,
 And low may ev'ry villain lie,
 Who'd wish for Revolution.

And humbly from high Heav'n we'll beg,
 This great, this lasting favour,
 That William's cause may never fail,
 Our laws' and country's Saviour.

SONG XXXIV.

By R. N. Master of Lodge 859.

Tune—" *Alley Croker.* "

WHILST Republican doctrines are ev'ry where found
 fir,
 And levelling principles so much abound, fir ;
 Let the true sons of loyalty constantly sing, fir,
 Long to reign over us, God save the King, fir.

*Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King, fir.*

May

May health and prosperity ever attend him,
And both Whig and Tory unite to defend him ;
May the spirit of loyalty ever increase, fir,
Abroad give us triumph, at *home* give us peace, fir.

*Which to maintain
Let us constantly sing, sir ;
Long to reign over us,
God save the King, sir.*

May ev'ry Reformist throughout the whole nation,
Begin with himself the work of Reformation ;
And may the bloody progress of one *Revolution*,
Teach us to value a good Constitution.

*Whilst with loyal hearts
We exultingly sing, sir,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King, sir.*

May all Atheists and Levellers lie equally low, fir,
Who'd gladly the King and the Church overthrow,
fir ;
And may each loyal *Delzo* long join in the strain, fir,
God save the King, to the devil with *Tom Paine*, fir.

*Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King, sir.*

SONG XXXV.

By Mr. RUMBOLD.

Tune—"Come haste to the Wedding."

COME haste to our Lodge, my dear friends of the
garter,

Which you see embellish'd with Orange and Blue ;
From which is suspended our royal great Master,
T' whom, till time is no more, we'll be faithful
and true ;

He fought for our laws,
And establish'd our cause,
And ready we are to appear upon fight,
On hill, ocean, or plain,
In frost, snow, or rain,
When *George* he commands, we most willingly fight.

We do not assemble like the base assassins,
Who by priests are all sworn to depopulate
A country well known for its wealth and its morals ;
The poor man had pleasure as well as the great :
No, no, we assemble
To love one another,
And ready we are to encamp or entrench ;
When our Sov'reign calls,
We care not who falls,
In protecting our isle from the Rebels or French.

The Crops may be easy, but faith I much doubt it,
Tho' they have got their *Crony* a mask of disguise,
At justice they're laughing, they are so well treated,
While they are collecting all sorts of supplies :
If once more they're seen
With the yellow and green,
Their priests and their pikes in a motly array,
We'll fight them so snug,
With a rope to the lug,
So long life to our King, boys, huzza! boys! huzza!

SONG XXXVI.

BY THE SAME.

Tune—" *Sbaun Bough.*"

WELL met my dear friends,
 To these laudable ends,
 Of loyalty, mirth and good humour ;
 No men upon earth,
 Since this isle gave us birth,
 So cemented in friendship as we are :
 When our loyalty ceases,
 It shall be when time pleases,
 And then we must yield, tho' not *William*,
 And this was the day,
 Thank God we can say,
 We were sav'd by our glorious King *William*.

To one we all owe
 Our existence you know,
 To the Almighty power who supreme is,
 Who beheld from on high,
 With an all-seeing eye,
 His adopted so cruelly slain was ;
 To *William* apply'd,
 And was not deny'd,
 Crying, make haste, for my sons are a killing ;
 And his troops stout and true,
 All wear Orange and Blue,
 Who fought under glorious King *William*.

That brave Orange Prince,
 None fought like him since,
 Though numbers in vain did attempt it ;
 And Duke *Schombertg* too,
 Who lov'd Orange and Blue,
 At the Boyne made thousands repent it :

He

He stopt the career,
 Of *James* and *Monsieur*,
 At the Boyne, Aughrim, and Enniskillen :
 And at this very day,
 Orangemen now can say,
 " We were sav'd by the glorious King *William*."

Monks, Jesuits and Friars,
 He soon prov'd to be liars,
 And the Pope too who sign'd their commission ;
 Tho' to him they did pray
 For victory that day,
 As if he had them all in tuition :
 But when *William* come,
 He soon made them run
 To the Pope for to get a fresh drilling ;
 And on this very day,
 Orangemen bear the sway,
 And was rais'd by our glorious King *William*.

SONG XXXVII.

HASTE, HASTE, HIBERNIA.

By R. H.

Tune—" *Rule, Britannia*."

HASTE, haste, Hibernia, with arms advance,
 To arms, my boys, and curb the boasting threats of
 France ;
 To arms, &c.
 To volunteer in such a cause, will immortalize your
 fame,
 And make these Gallic regicides to tremble at your
 name.

CHORUS.

*Rouse, Hibernia, Hibernia, rouse and sing,
Stout Orange boys, support your laws, your country,
and your king.*

Tho' treacherous France her friends persuade,
That she will send her floating rafts our country to
invade,

That she will, &c.

We'll shew these treacherous boasters, that Britannia
rules the waves,

And the navy of Great Britain ride triumphant on
the seas.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Should treacherous plots disturb our land,
All loyal hearted Irishmen will join with heart and
hand,

All loyal, &c.

To curb all factious democrats that wickedly do aim,
To subvert our constitution, and our people's mind
in flame.

Rouse, Hibernia, Hibernia, &c.

Let each loyal friend with pleasure fill his glass,
To our gallant Irish yeomanry full bumpers let us
pass,

To our gallant, &c.

Our King and Country we'll support, in spite of
Rebels noise,

The French and Rebels both shall fly from Irish Or-
ange boys.

Rouse, Hibernia, Hibernia, &c.

SONG XXXVIII.

A SCENE AT VINEGAR-HILL.

Air—" *Dom, dom, diddle dom.*"

ARRAH, honnamon doul, *Paddy*, what is your hurry?
Why, I'm a going to the boys that's fighting at Go-
rey;

Father *Roach* says he wants us to join his division,
That the Heretics may be drove to perdition:
Success, *Paddy*, jewel, that's fat I intended,
So I'll slip on my brogues, that I just have got
mended;

For you know I'm the boy can burn a house at night,
In a Protestant's guts to the hilt I can trust my pike.
Dom, dom, didly dom, didly dom, &c.

Arrah, stay till I tell you about sweet Father *Murphy*,
How the ball hits him bravely and never once hurts
him;

Whin their guns sends them whizzing like any sky-
rocket,

Faith they turn into preaties, and jump into his
pocket:

It was my cousin, Gim Gafney, that told me the
story,

He's a horse granidere, now fighting at Gorey;
And he says, as the clargy commands us to plunder,
If we won't make our fortune's, I'm sure it's a won-
der.
Dom, dom, &c.

I forgot for to tell you the best of the story,
How Father *Roach* was found kissing old humpy-
back Norah;

She brought him a pullet to dress for his dinner,
And to get absolution for being a great sinner;

She dropt him her courtesy, and told him her errant,
Says he, my old lady, to please you I'll warrant ;
He swore by the book, he'd a mind for to beat her,
But he gave absolution to *Norah*, poor creature.

Dom, dom, &c.

Says she, please your honor, I'm come for to tell
you,

It's a sin for to see such boys run a flurry ;
From this day my prayers, each night and each morn
Shall be to keep your brave Reverence's honor from
harm :

Be my soul I'll go home, and no more mind my
spinning,

But kiss with the Clergy, as that is not sinning ;
For they say they are order'd to people the nation,
And have nothing but Priests in the next generation.

Dom, dom, &c.

What won'd you have of it, Father *Murphy* was
nigh them,

He peep'd through the key-hole, and there did espy
them :

To hear their discourse set him in a damn'd passion ;
He push'd open the door, and swore he would trash
them :

Success to your Reverences' honor and glory,
In my old days you have made a true saint of poor
Norah ;

You may woe me in turns, like cock-sparrow or
pigeon,

For by kissing I'll die for our holy religion.

Dom, dom, &c.

SONG

SONG XXXIX.

THE HEADS.

Tune—" *Croppies lie Down.*"

THERE's round heads and muild heads,
 And heads without hair :
 There's cropt heads and clip'd heads,
 And heads almost bare :
 There's Whigs and Conspirators,
 Trimm'd, cut, and shorn,
 Whose heads are as bare
 As the day they were born ;
 But when they perceiv'd that the French did not
 come,
 They ty'd it again, not the length of my thumb.
Down, down, Croppy lie down.

Such cutting and trimming
 As lately have been,
 Such swearing and treason
 Was never yet seen :
*Are you up, was the question,
 And what do you know ?
 And what is it you carry,
 And where did it grow ?*
 I hope you're no friend to the Orange and Blue.
 If you be, I would have you to leave the curs'd
 crew. *Down, down, &c.*

For, my good honest friend,
 I will have you remark,
 When the books shall be clos'd,
 You'll be all in the dark :

See

See thousands united,—
 The French are at hand,
Be up, or you'll forfeit
 Your houses and land.
 Tho' I'm griev'd to the heart there shou'd be such
 a thing,
 Yet I'm greatly afraid that they'll pull down the
 King. *Down, down, &c.*

There's *Patrick* and *Rory*,
 And round-headed *James*,
 All hatching their treason
 And murderous schemes ;
 They ramble at midnight,
 Like locusts in swarms,
 To murder, hough cattle,
 And rob us of arms :
 Denouncing destruction and the gulletine
 To all who won't join in their bloody combine.
Down, down, &c.

Says *Murtagh* to *Teague*,
 Let us now take a sup,
 I have just put a couple
 Of Hereticks up ;
 Poor deluded mortals,
 They're greatly astray,
 Do they think we'll keep oaths
 To such Heathens as they :
 Oh ! no, when we pull down King *George* from
 his throne,
 We'll drive them to hell, and make Ireland our
 own. *Down, down, &c.*

SONG XL.

THE REBELS MEDLEY.

1st Air—" *Sailor's Journal.*"

ATTEND, my friends, to what I say,
The story's true, and well worth telling;
It was on the twenty-third of May,
That Ireland's foes rose in rebellion:
United villains long combin'd,
In murd'rous plots, with hidden arms,
Our country's ruin they design'd,
But Providence kept us from harm.

2d Air—" *Black Joke.*"

Fathers Murphy and Roach call'd those people to-
gether,
Bid them haste to the camp, as they now had fine
weather,
To learn the use of the murd'rous pike:
Make haste, boys, your fortunes you'll make in a
jiffy,
You shall have all the lands from the Boyne to the
Liffey,
Set in case, that as how, you rob, murder and
plunder,
And shew them we'll keep all damn'd Heretics under,
And welcome the French with fraternal embrace.

3d Air—" *Heaving the Lead.*"

Great groups of wretches soon appear,
Their horrid murders soon began,
The tender wife, and infant dear,
Were slaughter'd by their hellish hands:

In vain did each for mercy plead,
 With horrid yell the Crops did cry,
 By our pikes die !
 By our pikes die !
 In vain did each for mercy plead,
 With horrid yell the Crops did cry,
 By our pikes die !

4th Air—" *Norah Keena.*"

Father Roach cries out, make haste, my people,
 We'll burn the church, church-yard and steeple,
 We'll shew the blackguards that we're not feeble,
 As we fight for the French, and the rights of the
 people !
 Shoulder your pikes well, and march to Gorey,
 As your holy commander, I'll march before you ;
 And your body and soul I'll lead to glory,
 And drive the damn'd Heretics all before you !

CHORUS.

*Sing, burra, Phitcush, my Norah Keena,
 Make me your king, and Norah queena ;
 Then under a hedge, or field that's greena,
 How I'll towsef and kiss my Norah Keena !*

5th Air—" *Over the Hills.*"

Off then march'd this rebelly crew,
 Without breeches, stockings, shirt or shoe ;
 O'er barren mountains, shaking bogs,
 Or starve in swamps, like stinking hogs,
 But when the sound of royal drum
 Affails their ears, like rats they run ;
 Nor minds Priest Roach, who halts to pray,
 But fly o'er hills, and far away.

6th Air.

6th Air—" *Katty Flanagan.*"

Arrah, stop all you fools, arrah stop, I desire,
'Tis Father Murphy bids you stop, who disregard
their fire :

You see their cannon and their guns I value not a
pin ;

Let them fire away, for I am a Saint,
Let them fire away, for I am a Saint,
Their balls can't pierce my skin.

7th Air—" *Croppies lie down.*"

Then quick from his pocket some bullets he drew,
To shew to his Croppies what he said was true ;
See here how they're flatten'd and bruise'd on all sides,
Where they hopp'd with such force on my Catholic
hide :

But just as he spoke, a true Heretic shot
Drove a ball through his body, and down the Saint
dropt !

He fell down, down, poor Murphy fell down !

To see him lie dead, set the boys in a fright,
And, like scare-crows and vultures, they all took to
flight ;

Each swearing old Murphy had humbug'd them
nice,

As they ne'er would be rebels, but thro' his advice ;
Whilst others cry'd out, let Priest Roach lead the
way !

But, alas ! he was taken, and hang'd the same day.

But they're all down, the Croppies are down !

8th Air.

8th Air—"Peggy Bawn."

Arrah boys, I am your old school-master, now at-
tend to what I say,
Take your hooks and cut the corn, take your scythes
and cut the hay ;
Give up your pikes where'er they be, and return to
your farm,
There's mercy now for you all you see, so secure
yourselves from harm.

9th Air—"Cammeronion Reel."

Arrah husht, you fool, hold your tongue,
Sure we mean to get *protections*,
For tho' we have such murders done,
They dare not make objections ;
Ogh, Corney Wallis is the man,
Arrah Paddy, match him if you can ;
Be my soul, he fixt a Murnough plan,
For our oath to them is but a sham.
Then bouldly swear
That we're sincere,
But never fear,
We'll find a day to match them.

10th Air—"Lillebolero."

Arrah boys, now success, the day is our own,
Our friends are all landed at Killala-bay ;
You see the Convention and sweet Mr. ROWAN,
Has now kept their promise, tho' they're far away.
Water, water, great pitchers of water,
Bring none but what's Holy to sprinkle our friend ;
Tho' their looks are so meagre, you see they are
eager,
Our King to dethrone, and our country to rend.

11th Air.

11th Air—" *Rule Britannia.*"

Haste, haste, Hibernia, your yeomen all advance,
And shew all damn'd domestic foes, we'll beat both
them and France,

And shew, &c. &c.

Make fly all rebelly traitors who their country would
betray,

And the French shall see that we can fight on land
as well as sea.

*Rouse, Hibernia! Hibernia, rouse and sing,
Prosperity attend our Isle, and may*

GOD SAVE THE KING!

SONG XLI.

THE CROPPIES IN SPIRITS.

Air—" *The Protestant Boys.*"

GREAT news, great news, the Croppies all say,
Come cheer up my boys, the day is our own,
Our friends are now landed at Killala-bay,
And to meet them all friends must, with arms go
down.

Great warriors all, obey the glad call,
To welcome great *Hombert*, who's just come to
land;

With pikes, scythes, and hedge-stakes, now let us
the field take,

And shew all the Loyalists we'll make a stand.

Then ev'ry Crop quick pull'd off his tail,
That a fortnight before he with caution put on,
Quite sure that their stratagems now could not fail,

G

The

The day was their own, now they'd hold two to one ;
 As their union, union, Republican union,
 Now should take place on the Shannon's green
 banks,
 And the Liberty tree quick there planted shall be,
 And a gold cup made of turf, give the Conven-
 tion for thanks.

Strong friendship like this, between two mighty
 pow'rs,
 Must sure be cemented, and never decay ;
 All Heretic kings-men may now curse the hour,
 That *Hombert* first landed at Killala-bay ;
 His cloathing and arms, brought with them such
 charms,
 As made all his friends to his standard to hie ;
 But when cloath'd and well arm'd, they thought it
 no harm,
 From their new civic friends, with their booty to
 fly.

At first the French thought their allies did but joke,
 And issued their orders, that they'd take the field ;
 But stout General *Teeling* to *Hombert* thus spoke—
 Go you Spalpeen, do you think that to you I will
 yield,
 No, I'll have the command, as this is our land,
 No soup-meagre Frenchman shall e'er command
 me ;
 And now if you grumble, you back all may tumble,
 Take short sticks in your hands boys, and walk
 home by sea.

But whilst he was speaking, *Lake's* army appears,
 Which makes *Teeling* start at the sound of the
 drum ;
 Boys take to your pumps, bid good bye to *Monseurs*,
 Then off to the mountains and bogs they all run ;
 But

But the gallant *Armagh*, such feats did display,
 As fill'd these allies with such dread and alarms,
 That the Rebels all fled, and the Frenchmen in
 dread,
 Thought it best for their safety, to lay down their
 arms.

Let each loyal subject that's fond of his King,
 Now fall in the ranks, with his musket in hand,
 In praise of our Yeomen, each roof should now ring,
 For they're the protection of this troubled land;
 All Rebels suppress them, our King, may God bless
 him,
 And may he live long, 'till all foes he destroys,
 May our good Constitution meet no Revolution,
 But still be supported by Protestant boys!

SONG XLII.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF AUGUST.

LET Fame's loud trumpet now proclaim,
 The glorious first of August;
 Let Time record great *Nelson's* name,
 And the glorious first of August!
 Let all loyal hearts with raptures smile,
 And toast the Hero of the Nile,
 On his brows more wreaths of victory pile,
 Great as the first of August.

Great Britain's Navy now shall sway,
 And the world record her glory;
 We'll hail her mistress of the sea,
 In each gallant naval story:
 Lift'ning ages hereafter shall smile,
 When record tells the glorious stile,
 In which the Hero of the Nile,
 Beat the French on the first of August.

The French may now with doleful hearts,
 Their *Buonaparte* remember ;
 As he from Egypt's coast departs,
 On floats or rafts of timber :
 His troops must now stay there a-while,
 And organize the crockadile,
 Whilst brave Lord *Nelson* of the Nile,
 Celebrates the first of August.

Let each loyal heart with me rejoice,
 And to *Nelson* fill a bumper ;
 Our British admirals are the boys,
 That makes all nations wonder :
 We'll drink their healths, and give three cheers,
 And may they always beat Monfieurs,
 And our country each succeeding year,
 Add laurels to the first of August.

With such a matchless Hero who need fear
 Those gasconading Frenchmen,
 We'll drive to the devil the Don and Monsieur,
 On their floating rafts of timber ;
 Our yeomen so brave would march many a mile,
 To back, if they could, the Lord of the Nile ;
 At their enemies they'd laugh as well as smile,
 With *Nelson* on the first of August.

SONG XLIII.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.

Tune—" *Carrickfergus*."

Ye true Sons of William attend to my story,
 Who fight for your King, Constitution and Crown ;
 Great Nassau's renown, and the Protestant glory,
 To hurl the Rebels and Infidels down.

Still

Still free from ambition you'll quell their sedition,
 And conquer the foes of our freedom and laws,
 All traitors and atheists drive to destruction,
 Or perish in loyalty's glorious cause.

Let each loyal Orangeman join in a chorus,
 In commemoration of that happy day,
 When Admiral *Nelson* and his British heroes,
 Triumph'd in the Mediterranean sea,
 O'er Gallia's arms, and numerous swarms
 Her tri-colour'd banner and liberty tree,
 Since even the Turks and Arabians gladly
 Rejoice for the hero that set them all free.

The banks of the Nile, and the shores of old Egypt,
 Beneath the invaders' oppression did groan ;
 Republican cruelty flourish'd triumphant,
 And infidel tyranny worse than their own.
 But *Nelson* he met them, with valour beset them,
 Encounter'd the robbers on Africa's shore ;
 A dreadful engagement in fury succeeded,
 With slaughter, destruction, and horrid uproar.

Such mighty confusion attended this battle,
 Our broadsides with death and destruction did fly,
 The balls flew like hail, and the cannon did rattle,
 And pillars of vapour quite darken'd the sky :
 But our British thunder soon made them surrender,
 Their soldiers in numbers lay dead in the sea ;
 Their tri-colour'd banner was sunk in dishonour,
 On that most auspicious, fortunate day.

And may the illustrious house of Hanover,
 In happiness, joy and prosperity reign ;
 May each loyal subject stand true to his nation,
 And conquer invaders again and again :
 Be treason confounded with shame and confusion,
 And all its abettors with infamy swing,
 May Heaven still fight for our good Constitution,
 Success to true Orangemen, God save the King !

SONG XI.IV.

THE GODS FROM ABOVE.

Tune—" *Croppies lie Down.*"

THE gods from above saw the state of this isle,
 And determin'd all rebellious schemes for to foil ;
 A council they held and did straightway decree,
 That more strength should be join'd to the old Orange
 tree,

Derry down, down, Croppies lie down.

For this purpose they chose at Armagh a few friends,
 Whom they knew were inclin'd to forward their
 ends,

They searched their hearts which were loyal and
 sound,

And to them they disclos'd our secrets profound.

Derry down, &c.

The Protestants all they invited to join,
 And support what their ancestors gain'd at the Boyne
 A word was enough, they engag'd in the cause,
 And declar'd they'd support our good King and his
 laws.

Derry down, &c.

With amusement the Croppies beheld how they
 spread,

And determin'd to murder them all in their beds,
 But Providence happily then interfer'd,

And the lives of the Orangemen graciously spar'd.

Derry down, &c.

Their plot thus frustrated more daring they grew,
 And resolved to summons their treacherous crew,
 Which when done, to the Diamond they hurried
 away,

But while they're alive they'll remember that day.

Derry down, &c.

SONG

SONG XLV.

NAPPER TANDY.

Tune—"George the Third's March."

THE ninth day of November,
In the year ninety-one,
The Rebel *Napper Tandy*
His villainy began;
In forming a conspiracy,
This nation to embroil,
In civil war and mutiny,
And to pollute the soil.

His bloody crew they did intend
Our Governors to kill,
And any of the Protestants
Who dare oppose their will;
To massacre our ministers,
And pull our churches down,
To extirpate the Orangemen,
And take from *George* his crown.

They burn'd houses and straw stacks,
They assembled in the night,
Broke open doors and windows,
In order to affright
They people to comply with them,
Crying, give out your gun,
And unite with us immediately,
Or else you are undone.

The Croppies most outrageously
Did take an active part,
Against the Church of England,
And thought to make her smart;

But

But Providence protected us
 From this blood-thirsty clan,
 And prevented them to act a scene
 Like that of Forty-one.

We value not the Yeomanry,
 These Rebels oft did say;
 'Tis easy to disarm them,
 Then soon we'll gain the day;
 And every man who is not up,
 Shall hang at his own door;
 And we'll gulletine each Royalist,
 Let him be rich or poor.

If on the way you chance to meet
 One of this bloody clan,
 He asks you, *are you up to snuff?*
 Or, *what's that in your hand?*
 And if you know not what to say,
 He answers with a frown,—
Since it is a thing you are not up,
I'll therefore knock you down.

They carried on their fury
 'Till the year of Ninety-seven,
 When to this vile conspiracy
 A happy check was given;
 For Government found out their schemes,
 And turn'd their plan astray,
 And made them swear allegiance,—
 May we bless that happy day.

Then to disperse this Brotherhood,
 Lord *Blayney* he came down,
 To recompence the insolence
 Of each insulting clown;
 Their midnight vengeance did reward,
 And fill'd them with dismay,
 And for their perseverance,
 Soon he made the caitiffs pay.

But

But to conclude, kind Providence
 Dispell'd the bloody throng;
 So let us sing, *God save the King*,
 And may his reign be long;
 Success to each true Protestant
 Who did maintain his cause,
 Against those vile conspirators,
 In honour of his laws.

SONG XLVI.

HEIRS OF IRELAND.

Tune—" *Sons of Bold Hibernia.*"

ALL you Hibernian heroes,
 That's for the British laws,
 You'll find it in your favour
 To join the British cause:
 It will increase your friendship,
 That glorious Convention,
 The shield of faith will guard you
 Who have a good intention.

We are the Heirs of Ireland,
 We have a right to keep
 What our forefathers purchas'd
 The day they cross'd the deep:
 So Brethren dear, don't hearken
 To members who are rotten,
 But quickly let the Rebels know,
 That Ireland's not forgotten.

Why should the just be daunted
 By an infernal crew,
 We have a King that's able
 All rebels to subdue:

I hope

I hope the song of *Moses*,
 With joyful acclamations ;
 Will yet proclaim we conquer'd
 The marks of reprobation.

Stand to your good integrity,
 Ye happy chosen flock,
 In spite of damn'd United Men,
 We'll flourish on the rock ;
 Those advocates of Satan,
 I mean the Rebel leaders,
 I'd laugh to see the gulletine,
 Reward such hellish traitors.

Now the pike reviews are over,
 And fear commands our foes,
 Since noble captain *Verner*
 In Orange pomp arose ;
 From Mars the god of battle
 He seems to be descended,
 His name shall be recorded,
 For he in time befriended.

His name shall be recorded
 By nobles far and near,
 Whilst we in Orange splendor
 Rejoice from year to year :
 He is the man of honour,
 Who maintain'd our constitution,
 Against the damn'd Defenders
 And Republican pollution.

Long may brave captain *Verner*
 Our liberties maintain,
 Together with his heroes
 Upon the Armagh plains ;

And

And likewise captain *Crosbie*,
 That hero stout and loyal,
 May he drown all dangers
 In flowing bowls of Royal.

Here's to every Protestant
 Who safely can declare
 His breast is fill'd with raptures
 When *William* mounts the air :
 Here's to King and Parliament,
 And all French difannullers,
 Glory to King *William's* sons,
 Huzza for Orange colours !

SONG XLVII.

THE JOLLY BRITON.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.
Come join, &c.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
 cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
Let us sing, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
 They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit ;
 But we that have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us sing, &c.

Should

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with
 our poles,
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern jaws
 ring;
 For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls
 Who will shed their last drop for their Country
 and King. *Let us sing, &c.*

SONG XLVIII.

OLD IRELAND.

HAIL, Ireland! Old Ireland! for glory renown'd!
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendantly crown'd!
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break,
 'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at stake:
 Then rise, O ye brave! draw the sword, point the
 lance,
 And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.

Hark! truth speaks already; our heroes prevail!
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale;
 Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree;
 Success now dawns on us by land and by sea;
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
 To force that submission which pride would deny.

Britannia rejoices your ardor to see;—
 "My sons, fight," she cries, "'tis for freedom and
 me!
 "Tho' Gallia's ambition alliance explore,
 "You'll conquer them now, whom you've conquer'd
 before!"
 And triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
 The ocean is *George's*, and *George* is our King!

SONG XLIX.



COME, SOLDIERS, COME.

Come, foldiers, come,
To the beat of drum,
For hark, we want assistance ;
We'll let the Rebels know,
And such like foe,
They dare not make resistance ;
Let the trumpets sound,
Let the drums go round,
Let our rights abound,
Upon Irish ground ;
Let us all, boys, join,
In the shades of the Boyne,
'Gainst Treason and Revolution.

And since we are a chosen band,
Upon the isle of Old Ireland,
In loyalty let us remain, boys ;
Let us all stand fast
While time shall last,
Nor cruelty our deeds shall stain, boys ;
We'll support the cause
Of religion and laws ;
We'll make Papists fear,
When we draw near,
If they dare presume
Our laws to assume,
To oppress the true Protestant cause.

SONG L.

GENIUS OF IRELAND.

GENIUS of Ireland, spread thy guardian wing
O'er thy lov'd Isle, and round thy fav'rite King ;
Oh, pour in Ireland's wounds the healing balm,
Smooth her rough passions, and her discords calm.

CHORUS.

*Nor fond of peace, if peace would but enslave,
Nor dread a war, if war alone can save.*

Give her (nor oh! the pious with disclaim)
A war with triumph, or a peace with fame ;
Her sacred rights still teach her to defend,
And scorn the foe she cannot make her friend.

Nor fond of, &c.

Where'er our cannons roar, or ensigns fly,
Plant dread, and flight, and each pale terror high ;
Let Frenchmen tremble, and let Rebels fear,
When glorious George's conqu'ring troops appear.

Nor fond of, &c.

Touch every heart with thirst of honest praise,
And love of honour, more than length of days ;
With courage let us awe, with virtue charm,
Each realm that courts our smile, or flights our
arm.

Nor fond of, &c.

SONG LI.

SIR SHAMUS.

Written at the time Lt. Gen. Sir James S——RT command-
ed at Cork, and prevented Orange Lillies been worn in
that City on the first day of July, 1798.

Tune—" *Croppies lie Down.*"

WHEN we think of the Orange we think of the
Boyne,

The remembrance must make every Protestant join,
Nor ever to rebels they'll bow down their head,
Forgetting how nobly our ancestors bled,
But in traitors despite, in the cause of our King,
The mem'ry immortal of *William* we'll sing.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Tho' *St--rts*' by force may our Orange pull down,
And the spirit of *Shamus* indignant may frown;
White lillies and palm, tho' the national green,
By rebels call'd *sacred*, shall never be seen
Exult in our banners, but true to our God
And our King, under foot shall those emblems be
trod.

Home, home, Sir Shamus go home.

Priest *Murphy* declar'd to his fanatic crew,
Who believ'd all his words as the gospel was true;
Sir Shamus endeavour'd, but did it in vain,
To persuade us from thinking of *William* again;
A bunch of green palm, with a pauthereen string,
Were the emblems of loyalty worn by him.

Home, home, &c.

Our Orange so lasting, who'll dare pull it down,
 Tho' this priest-ridden Papist did once on it frown,
 Yet the colour ne'er faded in the heart that was
 true,

To the Protestant cause—to the Orange and Blue;
 For a *Williamite's* song is the chorus we sing,
 The Protestant welfare, and God save the King.
Home, home, &c.

SONG LII.

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

Tune—"Bonnet so Blue."

GREAT Nassau, O look from thy cloud down,
 See the neck of Rebellion how bow'd down,
 That late in ambition so proud grown,
 Would trample the Orange so true;
 In vain now each bloody Defender,
 In the dark may his treasons engender,
 As the night from the sun's rising splendor,
 They shrink from the Orange and Blue.

Great *George* on his throne now reposing,
 While Crowns all around are deposing,
 Need not fear, on the coast tho' the foe's seen,
 While he fosters the Orange so true:
 Our fathers in blood and confusion
 Erected our good constitution,
 We'll defend it with like resolution,
 Or die for the Orange and Blue.

SONG LIII.

GREAT WILLIAM.

Tune—" *Anacreon in Heaven.*"

To Nassau's lov'd shade, in Elysium of late,
 Some sons of Ierne were heard to complain;
 Now virtue is driven from her favorite seat,
 And loyalty groans on the blood-sprinkled plain;
 While Jacobins cry,
 ' All power we defy,
 ' For laws we will trample, and kings we deny;
 ' Nor will we this conduct e'er cease to pursue,
 ' Until we extirpate the Orange and Blue.'

Great *William*, arous'd from his blissful repose,
 To his air-form'd truncheon indignantly flies;
 A look of defiance around him he throws,
 And thus, in loud accents, the hero replies:
 ' To arms then away,
 ' Your prowess display,
 ' What the fathers have bled for, the sons can't be-
 ' tray;
 ' Remember their honor's entrusted to you,
 ' Nor dare to relinquish the Orange and Blue.

' When Ireland once bled under Jacobite laws,
 ' And Freedom in tears, sued to me for protec-
 ' tion,
 ' A band of true Britons enroll'd in her cause,
 ' Pass'd quick to your shores, brought her foes to
 ' subjection;
 ' At Boyne they fled,
 ' At Aughrim they bled,
 ' Then Freedom in extacy, lifted her head,

- ‘ And smil’d to behold how the Jacobite crew,
 ‘ Due homage had paid to the Orange and Blue.
 ‘ And now shall those traitors, in martial array
 ‘ Audacious unfurl their banners of green ?
 ‘ Shall virtue, shall loyalty shrink in dismay ?
 ‘ And Freedom’s own Orange no longer be seen ?
 ‘ To arms then, for shame,
 ‘ And rescue your fame,
 ‘ I dub you my champions, henceforth bear my
 name,
 ‘ And tell those vile miscreants their deeds they
 ‘ shall rue,
 ‘ When humbled once more by the Orange and
 ‘ Blue.’

The order thus given, what foul could withstand,
 All true-hearted fellows with ardour obey ;
 The fiat was Nassau’s, and join’d heart and hand,
 An host of staunch Orangemen stand in array ;
 Hark ! already they cry,
 In accents of joy,
 ‘ The green we shall vanquish, or gloriously die ;
 ‘ And prove to all traitors we’re loyal and true
 ‘ To our King, and our colours—the Orange and
 Blue.’

SONG I.IV. \

GENIUS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN there’s war on the ocean,
 To quell the proud foe,
 With ardour for conquest
 Each bosom doth glow ;
 For to see on their vessels
 Old England’s flag rear’d,
 Is worthy of Britons
 Whose conquests are fear’d.

Now

Now mark the pale ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each Bri-
tish tar ;
The genius of England bids us boldly advance,
And our guns sterling thunder bid defiance to
France.

Now see the last broadside; see! down—down
 she goes!
 Then out with your boats, my boys, we no longer
 are foes;
 For to save a brave fellow from a wat'ry grave,
 Is worthy of Britons who conquer to save.

SONG LV.

BRAVE HAL BRAZEN.

Tune—"Poor Tom Bowling."

HERE, full of scars, lies brave *Hal Brazen*,
For whom the crops has griev'd ;
He'll ne'er stand sentry, for this reason,
By Death he's now reliev'd :
Five feet six inches he was counted,
And brave with all, 'tis said ;
The guard by him's no longer mounted,
He rests in honor's bed.

Hal never from his corps deserted,
He'd face a ball or sword ;
His regiment he oft' diverted,
And *Poll* his wife ador'd :
How oft' did he against the foe march,
Pursuing all that fled ;
Farewel his quick-step and his slow-march,
He halts in honor's bed. Yet

Yet *Hal* above shall be promoted,
 When his Commander *great*,
 T' advance the brave, the good, the noted,
 Will give *his* orders strait :
 To handle arms when word is given,
 And trumpets call the dead ;
Hal to be billeted in heaven,
 Shall wake from honor's bed.

SONG LVI.

LOYALTY TRIUMPHANT.

COME, come, worthy Britons, take part in my song,
 'Tis a loyal effusion, and cannot be wrong ;
 Friend, father, and guardian, unite in our King,
 And in praise of Old England, my boys, let us sing.
Derry down, &c.

Our fam'd Constitution, you all must agree,
 Our ancestors modell'd that we should be free ;
 'Tis the boast of the world, and for ever shall stand,
 While Justice and Liberty go hand-in-hand.
Derry down, &c.

That fiend, Innovation, would fain raise a flood
 To deluge our peace in sedition and blood :
 On the levelling-system some folks like to dwell,
 But may it be levell'd nine fathoms in h—ll.
Derry down, &c.

Where Commerce each blessing extends far and
 near,
 And Property's guarded, what have we to fear ?
 'Tis

'Tis plunder makes levellers anarchy choose,
Well assured they may win—having nothing to
lose. *Derry down, &c.*

John Bull's loyal blood, which runs pure from
pollution, (tion:
Some quacks would corrupt by a strange revolu-
But *John* roundly swears that he'll mar their in-
tention,
Left we should run mad like the fighting Conven-
tion. *Derry down, &c.*

Then Britons fill bumpers to Freedom and Peace ;
May the offspring of *Brunswick* for ever increase!
We've a Monarch, brave boys, great and good as
King Davy,
So, *Here's George the Third, and his army and navy.*
Derry down, &c.

SONG LVII.

KING, CONSTITUTION, AND LAWS.

YE true British subjects, unite as one man,
To defeat the designs of a desperate clan,
Who our reason and feelings at once would con-
found,
Then leave us at last in the chaos to drown.
Derry down, &c.

If we listen to them, they will lead us a dance,
And England would be in as bad state as France,
Where the levelling-system all orders' o'erthrown,
And rapine and murder each day does make
known. *Derry down, &c.*

Shall

Shall the sons of Old England consent to be slaves?
 Be tutor'd by rebels and jacobin knaves;
 Who tell us fine stories to tickle our ears,
 And gild their designs to dispel all our fears.

Derry down, &c.

Let's join then, my friends, both in heart and in
 hand,
 Against those Reformers who'd ruin this land;
 And exert all our strength in true Liberty's cause,
 And stand by the King, Constitution, and Laws.

Derry down, &c.

SONG LVIII.

BRITANNIA'S TRIUMPH.

Hark! from the trump of Fame,
 George is the glorious name,
 Loud Echo's ring!
 George with true glory crown'd,
 Thro' the wide world around
 His praises shall resound,
God save the King!

Let not that desp'rate clan,
 Who, as the Rights of Man,
 Rebellion sing;
 Ever disturb our ease,
 Let all their nonsense cease,
 We'll sing with joy and peace,
Long live the King!

Traitors are flown away,
 Hid from the face of day,
 Fear gives them wing:

Britons

Britons from shore to shore,
Concord and Peace adore,
And, as one man, encore
God save the King!

Bless'd in our happy land,
Let us, a faithful band,
Together cling :
Bold in the glorious cause,
George and Britannia's laws,
Shout out with loud applause,
God save the King!

1793.

SONG LIX.

'T WAS UP THE WIND.

'T WAS up the wind, three leagues and more,
We 'spy'd a gallant sail ;
Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,
And closely hug the gale :
Nine knots the nimble *Milford* ran,
Thus, thus ! the master cry'd ;
Hull up, she rais'd the chace in view,
And soon was side by side.

Dowse your Dutch ensign ! up *St. George* !
To quarters, now, all hands ;
With lighted match beside his gun,
Each British warrior stands :
Give fire, our gallant captain cries ;—
'Tis done—the cannons roar ;
Stand clear—*Monseurs*, digest these pills,
And then we'll send you more.

Your

Your French jack shivers in the wind,
 Its lillies all look pale ;
 Down it must come—it must come down,
 For Britons will prevail ;
 Rak'd fore and aft, her shatter'd hull
 Lets in the briny flood ;
 Her decks are carnag'd with the slain,
 Her scuppers stream with blood.

Our chain-shot whistles in the wind,
 Our grape descends like hail ;
 Huzza, my souls ! three cheering shouts—
 French hearts begin to quail :
 And, see ! 'tis done—she strikes—she yields !
 Down, haughty flag of France !
 Now board her, boys, and on her staff
 The English cross advance.

*There let it ever fly, my hearts,
 To awe these Gallic slaves ;
 So freely toss the can about,
 For Britons rule the waves.*

There let it ever fly, &c. &c.

HISTORY

OF THE

Battle of the Boyne.

JULY THE FIRST, 1690.

Having inserted the Song of the BATTLE of the BOYNE in our first Volume, we think we cannot oblige our Readers more highly, than by giving them an Historical Account of that memorable Day.

SEVERAL new regiments, *English, Dutch, and Brandenburgers*, having arrived in the northern province of Ireland, the whole army impatiently expected the arrival of the king; who, on the 14th day of June, 1690, landed at Carrickfergus, and was received by the soldiers and inhabitants in a transport of joy. He came attended by Prince George of Denmark, the young Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Oxford, Scarborough, and Manchester, and other persons of distinction; was met by Duke Schomberg, the Prince of Wirtemberg, Kirk, and other officers; received an address from the northern clergy, presented by Walker, and published his proclamation for the suppression of rapine, violence, and injustice. His military genius prompted him; and the present distracted state of England, together with the formidable preparations of France, obliged him to a vigorous prosecution of the war. From Belfast he advanced to Lisburn and Hillsborough. His forces were ordered to take the field; and when some cautious counsels were suggested by his officers, he reject-

ed them with indignation. "I came not to Ireland," said he, "to let grass grow under my feet." At Loughbrickland, his whole army assembled from their different quarters, and were joined by the king and his train. *William* ordered them to change their encampment, that he might review the regiments on their march to the new ground. The officers imagined, that on a tempestuous and dusty day, he would content himself with a general view from some convenient station; but they saw him dart quickly into the throng, riding eagerly from place to place, examining every regiment, and every troop distinctly and critically. His soldiers were thus pleased and animated; every man considering himself as under the immediate inspection of his Royal leader, who took his quarters in the camp, was the whole day on horseback at the head of an advanced party, viewing the adjacent country, reconnoitring or directing the accommodations necessary for his soldiers. When an order was presented to him to be signed for wine for his own table, he passionately exclaimed, "that his men should be first provided; let them not want, said he; I shall drink water."—An army of thirty-six thousand men, thus animated, and excellently appointed, advanced southward to decide the fate of Ireland, while the fleet coasted slowly in view, to supply them with every necessary, and thus to increase their confidence.

Six days had elapsed from the time of *William's* landing, when *James* received the first intelligence that a prince, who, he confidently believed, must be detained in England by faction and discontent, was already on his march to meet him. He committed the guard of Dublin to a militia, under the command of *Lutterel*, the governor, and marched with six thousand French infantry to join the main body of his army, which at the approach of the

enemy, had retired from Dundalk and Ardee, and now lay near Drogheda, on the banks of the river Boyne. His numbers were about thirty-three thousand. His council of officers reminded him, that the naval armament of France was completed, and the fleet perhaps already on the English coast; that *Louis* had promised, as soon as the squadron attending on *William* should return, he would send a fleet of frigates into the Irish seas to destroy his transports; that he would be thus fatally detained in Ireland, while Britain was threatened by foreign invasion, and the domestic enemies of the reigning prince, concerting an insurrection.

In such circumstances, they advised him to wait the event of those designs formed in his favour, not to hazard an engagement against superior numbers, to strengthen his garrisons, to march to the Shannon with his cavalry and a small body of foot, and thus to maintain a defensive war against an enemy, which, in a strange and unfriendly climate, without provisions or succours, must gradually perish by disease and famine. *James*, on the contrary contended, that to abandon the capital, were to confess himself subdued; that his reputation must be irreparably ruined; that the Irish, who judged by appearances, would desert; and what was still of more moment, his friends in England and Scotland must be dispirited, and deterred from their attempts to restore him. He expressed satisfaction, that he had at last the opportunity of one fair battle for the crown. He insisted on maintaining his present post; and, from such animated language, his officers concluded that he meant to take a desperate part in the engagement; yet, with an ominous precaution, he dispatched Sir *Patrick Trant*, one of his commissioners of revenue, to Waterford, to prepare a ship for conveying him to France, in case of any misfortune.

William was no stranger to the motions of the French, and the machinations of his enemies.— Whatever was the proper conduct for *James*, it was evidently his interest to bring their contest to an immediate decision. On the last day of June, at the first dawn of morning, his army moved towards the river in three columns. He marched at the head of his advanced guard, which by nine o'clock appeared within two miles of Drogheda. *William* observing a hill west of the town, rode to the summit with his principal officers to take a view of the enemy. On their right was Drogheda, filled with Irish soldiers. Eastward of the town, on the farther banks of the river, their camp extended in two lines, with a morass on the left, difficult to be passed: in their front were the fords of the Boyne, deep and dangerous, with rugged banks, defended by some breast-works, with huts and hedges, convenient to be lined with infantry: on their rear, at some distance, lay the church and village of Donore; three miles farther was the pass of Duleek, on which they depended for a retreat. The view of their encampment was intercepted by some hills to the south-west; so that *Sgravenmore*, one of *William's* generals, who counted but forty-six regiments, spoke with contempt of the enemy's numbers. The king observed, that more might lie concealed behind these hills, and many be stationed in the town, "but it is my purpose, said he, to be speedily acquainted with their whole strength."

His army was now marching into camp; when *William*, anxious to gain a nearer and more distinct view of the enemy, advanced with some officers within musket shot of a ford, opposite to a village called Old-Bridge; here he conferred for some time on the methods of passing, and planting his batteries; when riding on still westward, he alighted, and sat down to refresh himself on a

rising ground. Neither the motions of *William*, nor of his army, were unnoticed. *Berwick*, *Tyrconnel*, *Sarsfield*, and some other generals, rode slowly on the opposite banks, viewing the army in their march, and soon discovered the present situation of the king. A party of about forty horse immediately appeared in a plowed field, opposite to the place on which he sat. In their centre they carefully concealed two field pieces, which they planted unnoticed under cover of a hedge, and retired. *William* mounted his horse; at that moment the first discharge killed a man and two horses on a line (at some distance) with the king; another ball instantly succeeded, grazed on the banks of the river, rose and flanted on his right shoullder, tearing his coat and flesh. His attendants crouded round him, and appeared in confusion. An universal shout of joy rung through the Irish camp, at the news that *Orange* was no more.

It was conveyed rapidly to Dublin; it was wafted to Paris; *Louis* received it with extacy; and the guns of the bastile proclaimed the meanness of his triumph.

While some squadrons of the enemy's horse drew down to the river, as if to pursue a flying enemy, *William* rode through his camp, to prevent all alarms, or false reports of his danger. On the arrival of his artillery, the batteries were mounted, and the cannonading continued on each side, not without some execution, till the close of the evening. Some deserters were received, and gave various accounts of the strength and disposition of the enemy. One, who appeared of some note, spoke so plausibly, and at the same time so magnificently of their numbers, that *William* seemed disconcerted. To *Sir Robert Southwell*, his secretary of state, who had given him different in-

telligence, he expressed his suspicion, that the enemy was really stronger than he imagined. *Southwell* communicated the king's doubts to *Cox*, his under secretary, through whose channel the intelligence had been conveyed. *Cox*, with an acuteness which seems to have laid the foundation of his future fortune, led the deserter through the English camp; and when he had surveyed it, asked to what he computed the amount of *William's* forces; the man confidently rated them at more than double the number of the enemy. The king was thus satisfied that his reports arose from ignorance and presumption. Other deserters made reports more unfavourable to the enemy; and the king was assured, that *James*, in expectation of defeat, had already conveyed part of his baggage and artillery to Dublin.

About nine at night, *William* called a council of war, not to deliberate, but to receive his orders; and here he declared his resolution of passing the river in front of the enemy. Duke *Schomberg*, with the caution natural to his years, endeavoured to dissuade him from this hazardous enterprize; and when he could not prevail, insisted, that part of the army should be immediately detached to secure the bridge of Slane, about three miles westward of their camp, so as to flank the enemy, and to cut them off from Duleek, the pass through which they might retreat. It is generally imputed to the indifference with which his council was received, that this general retired in disgust, and received the order of battle in his tent, declaring, "it was the first ever sent to him." Nor did *James* discover more attention to this important pass of Slane. In his council of war, *Hamilton* recommended that eight regiments might be sent immediately to secure the bridge: *James* proposed to employ fifty dragoons in this service: the general, in astonishment, bowed, and was silent.

William directed that the river should be passed in three different places : by his right wing commanded by Count *Schomberg*, son of the Duke, and General *Douglas* on the west, at some fords discovered near the bridge of Slane ; by the centre commanded by Duke *Schomberg*, in front of the Irish camp ; and by the left wing, led by the king himself, at a ford between the army and the town of Drogheda. At midnight, *William* once more rode through his camp with torches, inspected every post, and issued his final orders.

Early on the succeeding morning, Count *Schomberg*, with the cavalry, and *Douglas*, with the infantry, which composed the right wing, marched towards Slane, with greater alacrity than the troops sent from the other side to oppose them. They crossed the river without any opposition, except from a regiment of dragoons, stationed over night, at the ford, of which they killed seventy, before their retreat could be secured. They advanced, and found their antagonists drawn up in two lines. They formed, mixing their horse and foot, squadron with battalion, till on the arrival of more infantry, they changed their position, drawing the horse to the right, by which they considerably out-flanked the enemy : but they were to force their way through fields, enclosed by deep ditches, difficult to be surmounted, especially by the horse ; who, in the face of an enemy, were obliged to advance in order ; beyond these lay the morass, still more embarrassing. The infantry were ordered to plunge in ; and, while the horse found a firm passage to the right, forced their way with fatigue and difficulty. The enemy, astonished at their intrepidity, fled instantly towards Duleek, and were pursued with slaughter.

By the time when it was supposed that the right wing had made good their passage, the infantry in the centre was set in motion. The Dutch guards

first entered the river, on the right, opposite to Old-bridge. The French Protestants and Enniskilleners, Brandenburgers and English, at their several passes to the left, plunged in with alacrity, checking the current, and swelling the water, so that it rose in some places to their middle, in others to their breasts, and obliged the infantry to support their arms above their heads. The Dutch had marched unmolested to the middle of the river, when a violent discharge was made from the houses, breast-works, and hedges, but without execution; they moved on, gained the opposite banks, formed gradually, and drove the Irish from their posts. As they still advanced, the squadrons and battalions of the enemy suddenly appeared in view, behind the eminences which had concealed them. Five of these battalions bore down upon those Dutch who had already passed, but were received firmly, and repulsed. The efforts of the Irish horse were equally unsuccessful. Two attacks were bravely repelled, when the French ^{Huguenots} and Enniskilleners arrived to the support of the Dutch, and drove back a third body of horse, with considerable execution.

In the mean time, General *Hamilton* led the Irish infantry to the very margin of the river, to oppose the passage of the French and English. But his men, although stationed in the post of honour, at the requisition of their officers, shrunk from the danger: the cavalry proved more spirited. A squadron of Danes was attacked with such fury and success, that they fled back, through the river. The Irish horse pursued, and, on their return, fell furiously on the French Huguenots, who had no pikes to sustain the shock, and were instantly broken. *Caillemote*, their brave commander, received his mortal wound, and when borne to the English camp, with his last breath, animated his countrymen who were passing the river. As he

lay bleeding in the arms of our soldiers, he collected strength to exclaim repeatedly in his own language, "*A la gloire mes enfans ! a la gloire !*"—"To glory, my boys ! to glory !" The rapidity of the Irish horse, the flight of the Danes, and the disorder of the French, spread a general alarm, and the want of cavalry, struck the minds even of the peasants who were but spectators of the battle, so forcibly, that a general cry of "horse ! horse !" suddenly raised, was mistaken for an order to—"halt ;" surprised and confounded, the centre was conveyed to the right wing, and for a while retarded their pursuit. In this moment of disorder, Duke Schomberg, who had waited to support his friends on any dangerous emergency, rushed through the river, and placing himself at the head of the Huguenot forces, who were now deprived of their leader, pointed to some French regiments in their front, and cried, "*Allons, messieurs ;*" "*voila vos persecuteurs !*" "Come on, gentlemen ;" "there are your persecutors ;" These were his last words. The Irish horse, who had broken the French protestants, wheeled through Old-bridge, in order to join their main body, but were cut down by the Dutch and Enniskilleners. About sixteen of their squadron escaped, and returning furiously from the slaughter of their comrades, were mistaken by the Huguenots for some of their own friends, and suffered to pass. They wounded Schomberg in the head, and were hurrying him forward, when his own men fired, and slew him. About the same time, Walker, of Londonderry, whose passion for military glory, had hurried him unnecessarily into this engagement, received a wound in his belly, and instantly expired.

After an uninterrupted firing of an hour, the disorder on both sides occasioned some respite. The centre of the English army began to recover from their confusion : the Irish retreated towards Do-

nore, where *James* stood during the engagement, surrounded by his guards; and here, drawing up in good order, once more advanced. *William* had now crossed the river at the head of Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, through a dangerous and difficult pass, where his horse, floundering in the mud, obliged him to dismount, and accept the assistance of his attendants. And when the enemy had advanced almost within musket-shot of his infantry, he was seen with his sword drawn, animating his squadrons, and preparing to fall on their flank. They halted, and again retreated to Donore. But here, facing about vigorously, they charged with such success, that the English cavalry, though led on by their king, was forced from their ground. *William*, with a recollection of thought, which accompanies true courage, rode up to the Enniskilleners and asked, "What they would do for him?" Their officer informed them who he was: they advanced with him, and received the enemy's fire; but, as he wheeled to the left, they followed by mistake; yet, while *William* led up some Dutch troops they perceived their error, and returned bravely to the charge. The battle was now maintained on each side with equal ardour, and with variety of fortune. The king, who mingled in the hottest part of the engagement, was constantly exposed to danger. One of his own troopers mistaking him for an enemy, presented a pistol to his head; *William* calmly put it by, "What, said he, do not you know your friends?" The presence of such a Prince, gave double vigour to his soldiers: the Irish infantry were finally repulsed. *Hamilton* made one desperate effort to turn the fortune of the day, at the head of his horse. Their shock was furious, but neither orderly, nor steady. They were routed, and their general conveyed a prisoner to *William*: the king asked him, whether the Irish would fight

more? "Upon my honor," said *Hamilton*, "I believe they will; for they have yet a good body of horse." *William* surveyed the man who had betrayed him in his transactions with *Tyrconnel*, and in a fullen and contemptuous tone, exclaimed, "Honour! your honour!"

Nor was this asseveration of *Hamilton* well grounded. The right wing of *William's* army, had by this time forced their way through difficult grounds, and pursued the enemy close to Duleek. *Lauzun* rode up to *James*, who still continued at Donore, advising him to retreat immediately, as he was in danger of being surrounded. He marched to Duleek at the head of *Sarsfield's* regiment; his army followed, and poured through the pass, not without some annoyance from a party of English dragoons, which they might easily have cut to pieces, had they not been solely intent on flying. When they reached the open ground, they drew up, and cannonaded their pursuers. Their officers ordered all things for a retreat, which they made in such order, as was commended by their enemies. Their loss in this engagement was computed at fifteen hundred: that of *William's* army scarcely amounted to one-third of this number.

Here was a final period of *James's* Irish royalty. He arrived at Dublin in great disorder, and damped the joy of his friends, who, at the intelligence of *William's* death, every moment expected to receive him in triumph. He assembled the Popish magistrates and council of the city: he told them that in England, his army had deserted him; in Ireland, they had fled in the hour of danger, nor could be persuaded to rally, though their loss was inconsiderable: both he and they must, therefore, shift for themselves. It had been deliberated, whether in case of such a misfortune, Dublin should not be set on fire; but on their allegiance, he charged them to commit no such barbarous out-

rage, which must reflect dishonour on him, and irritate the conqueror. He was obliged, he said, to yield to force, but would never cease to labour for their deliverance; too much blood had been already shed, and Providence seemed to declare against him; he, therefore, advised them to set their prisoners at liberty, and submit to the Prince of Orange, who was merciful.

The reflection on the courage of his Irish troops, was ungracious, and provoked their officers to retort it on the king. They contended, that in the whole of the engagement, their men, though not animated by a princely leader, had taken no inglorious part. They observed, that while *William* shared the danger of his army, encouraging them by his presence, by his voice, by his example, *James* stood, at secure distance, a quiet spectator of the contest for his crown and dignity; "Exchange Kings," said they, "and we will once more fight the battle."

Their indignation was increased, when they saw the Prince who inveighed against Irish cowardice, fly precipitately to Waterford, breaking down the bridges to prevent a pursuit, and instantly embark for France.



